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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

NEW LABOR IN CHINA

CHINA is in the throes of industrial turmoil resembling that which is sweeping over the world from the Argentine and South Africa to Europe, India, Japan, and the United States. The recent seamen's strike in Hongkong, now reported to have been settled, was due to political and social agitation quite as much as to specific industrial demands made by the workers.

Though this strike started with the seamen, it gradually extended to include first the coalers, then other indispensable wharfside workers, and eventually even domestic servants and the river transportation trades. For two months or more, the port was absolutely idle. Even trade from up the Canton River was blocked. Cargoes from Europe were compelled to discharge at Singapore. The White population found itself stranded amidst an overwhelming mass of actively or passively hostile Chinese, who prove one of the most cohesive people in the world when it comes to a strike or a boycott. The trouble seems to centre in Canton, whose Government is exceedingly radical and is fighting England's alleged attempt to extend her control over Southern China, in the same way that Japan is said to be seeking to dominate Northern China. Politics and labor are not differentiated in China to the same extent as in Western countries, and the Hongkong tie-up, which almost hermetically sealed the principal southern gateway to the Republic for a long period, is a reflection of a more general movement in the interior.

Another strike has recently occurred in a large cotton-mill near Changsha, originating apparently in a trifling dispute over the traveling allowances which it is customary to pay workmen toward the expense of a trip home at the Chinese New Year. Eventually the soldiers were called out, and several of the strikers were arrested. It was claimed that Bolshevist literature in Chinese was being circulated among the strikers, but the evidence of this is very slight. However, agents of the Moscow Government are reported to be active in Eastern and Southern China.

The Chinese coolies employed in Europe during the war are said to have brought back with them new ideas of labor organization and the germs of radical social theories. The effectiveness of the recent strike was due not only to trade-union training received by these Chinese in Europe, but also, it is said, to encouragement and financial aid received from Western labor sources.

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However that may be, strikes are increasing, and wages are rapidly rising in the districts where Western industries have become established. There were fifty-two strikes in Canton and the neighboring city of Chaochow during the last nine months. They affected over eighty different trades and resulted in an increase of wages by an average of 25 per cent. The seamen's strike at Hongkong, not included in these disputes, was also settled in favor of the strikers.

The Chinese workingman is said to have little of the class consciousness that revolutionary propagandists are so sedulously cultivating in Western countries; therefore he accepts willingly the mediation of elderly, and presumably disinterested, citizens of standing. During the past five or six years the cost of living in China has increased at least 200 per cent, while the scale of wages has not advanced in proportion. Meanwhile Chinese workmen are acquiring new needs and tastes; they especially insist on better education for their children.

An American engineer, thoroughly familiar with China and Chinese labor, said in an address delivered before the Shanghai Rotary Club two years ago: 'Within the next ten years labor in the port districts will assume the same attitude toward capital as in foreign countries, unless the employer acts wisely.' This change is apparently coming sooner than he predicted. Labor unions are gradually replacing the old labor guilds, and these new societies use the strike weapon to enforce new demands. The largest strike in the Canton district last year involved between nine and ten thousand building-trade mechanics, and resulted in a 40 per cent increase in their rate of pay. Another large strike, followed by an advance in wages of 50 per cent, occurred among the waiters.

The *North China Herald* of March 4 contains a forcible article by Rodney Gilbert, written from Peking, denouncing consortium dealings with China, and painting a most unattractive picture of the welter of mismanagement and corruption that characterizes the financial operations of Europe and Japan in China. He even suggests that repudiation of many of the debts recently contracted by corrupt Chinese officials would be in order, declaring that

> a representative government of a strong China could repudiate these debts, after making public a review of the circumstances under which they were contracted and the way in which the proceeds were spent, and never elicit a murmur from London, Tokyo, Washington, or Paris. A dozen Chinese propagandists having access to the American and British press could tell the story of the accumulation of China's national debt during the past five years so that both diplomatic and consortium support would have to be withdrawn from the individual lenders and contractors.

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'MOSCOW'S BASE MACHIAVELLIANISM'

WE quote this headline from *El Socialista*, the organ of the Spanish Labor Party, an organization reported to endorse the Bolsheviki. It heads an attack upon the Moscow leaders quite as bitter and violent as the title suggests. They are accused of

> obstinately maintaining at the cost of incalculable blood and suffering a dictatorship against the proletariat. . . . They have ruled by force of bayonets and by lies calculated to appeal to the illiterate and fanatical masses. . . . Everything has changed in Russia, except suffering, misery, and the brutal tyranny of the self-consecrated demigods who dream that they are to direct the destinies of the world. In their hands Russia is now becoming the happy hunting-ground of international capital, an ideal land for captains of industry seeking to exploit natural resources and labor.

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Among other specimens of Spanish Labor eloquence contained in this invective is the following: —

These men, who deceive no one by their charlatan, wordy truculence, find themselves to-day completely isolated, and face the prospect of having to resign their lofty seats of power, or of being forcibly ejected from them by the boots of an outraged nation, whose innocence and credulity will no longer tolerate the aberrations and eccentricities of the epileptic cranks who form the Court of Great Trotskiĭ I of all the Russians.

Trotskiĭ recently gave a public interview in Moscow in which he discussed the refusal of the United States to be represented at the Genoa Conference. Referring to Secretary Hughes' statement, that Russia's recovery was impossible while the present policies were pursued and the present institutions continued to exist in that country, he said: —

Every peasant and every workingman in Russia knows from bitter experience that the White Guard armies and the Entente Governments are responsible for our economic prostration. It is a miracle that after three years of civil war, following on the heels of three years of foreign war, we should have anything left at all in Russia. Every peasant, man and woman, along the Volga, knows that the devastation wrought by passing armies, first the Czechoslovaks and then Kolchak's troops, is largely responsible for their present distress. The drought of 1921 was but the last straw on the camel's back. We regard the noble and generous measures that the American people have taken to relieve Russia as indicating a change in the policy of the United States, inspired by a desire to compensate the starving people of Russia for the unjust duress and violence practised upon them by Wilson's Administration.

Commenting more especially upon Mr. Hughes' reference to the declaration of the twenty-fifth of March, 1921, he said:—

We are always ready to learn and are grateful for practical advice. I cannot forbear mentioning, however, that the suggestions of the American Government are not new. They merely propose to reconstruct Russia on the capitalist plan with which we are already familiar. We are recommended to restore the very conditions that brought about the late war — conditions that carry within themselves the seed of new wars. We know that the Government of the Tsars enjoyed the friendship of the Great Republic across the Atlantic; but that did not prevent the Tsar's Government from precipitating the greatest catastrophe in the history of the world.

In conclusion, Trotskiĭ drew a parallel between the present condition of Russia and our own devastated South in 1865, at the conclusion of the war that liberated the slaves.

The Little Entente Powers are not in entire agreement with respect to Russia and Russian questions. Belgrade, which has become a rallying-point for Russian monarchists and ultra-conservatives, several of whom have secured appointments in the University, is reported to oppose closer relations between Western Europe and the Soviet realm. Rumania also is inclined to take that position. Since these two countries are mainly agricultural and export grain and provisions, they are not overanxious to encourage the resumption of trade with Russia and the reappearance of that competitor in European markets.

Poland and Czechoslovakia, on the other hand, are inclined to favor facilitating commerce with Russia. Czechoslovakia, now one of the leading industrial countries of Europe, seeks a market for her products there, and Poland naturally wishes to resume her old position as a manufacturing and commercial middleman supplying merchandise to her Western neighbor. The eventual possession of Vilno may greatly strengthen Poland's interest in the speedy economic rehabilitation of

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Russia; for Vilno is one of the principal portals to the Russian market.

That city and its tributary territories extending indefinitely westward are characterized by a delegate to the recent Health Congress at Warsaw as 'the land of typhus and cholera.' This gentleman describes in the *Journal de Genève* the frightful tragedy that has been slowly enacting itself for months at the border points along the Poland-Russian frontier. Fully half of the repatriated Poles arriving from Russia pass through Baranowitshi. One convoy of refugees, that left Kazan for this place with 1948 members, lost by illness and starvation 1299 of these during the journey. The survivors brought with them typhus and cholera.

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GERMANY'S MILITANT DEMOCRACY

A SPECIAL correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge*, a bourgeois Nationalist daily, recently sought an interview with Eduard Bernstein, one of the Nestors of German Socialism. In the course of this interview, Bernstein, who is a well-informed and acute observer of political conditions, said: —

We are, to say the least, quite as Republican as two years ago, and that is saying a good deal, when one considers the exaggerated hopes the nation had of the Revolution and the disastrous setback that these hopes received. Undoubtedly the middle classes are indifferent toward our present government — more so than they themselves realize. But that is always the case. In every nation a determined and alert minority shapes the course of public affairs, and the masses follow. In Germany that determined minority consists of the organized workingmen. You cannot get the advantage of them. It makes little difference whether or not a majority of the people look back fondly to the old régime as the Age of Gold and ascribe to the Republic their present humiliation and distress. These people are so disheartened that they have little power of effective action. Even they repudiate the Hohenzollerns. They are hoping against hope for some vague change.

Most of the working people would like a very different Republic from the one we have; but they would spring to arms in a moment to defend the present government, were it seriously threatened.

Referring to the possibility of a military reaction, Bernstein said: —

Almost anything is possible. But the probability of a military revolt is slight, and the chance that it would succeed is nil. . . . A mad thirst for revenge, incited by the constant threats and harassments of the French militarists, exists in many parts of Germany. During the war our people did not hate France. They did hate England. Since the Armistice they have learned to hate France. French policy is at fault there. I deplore the support the Belgian Government gives to that policy. From quite early in the war, the preponderant opinion in Germany was that Belgium had been done an unpardonable wrong.

Bernstein expected nothing of the Genoa Conference. When asked why he had voted for the first war credit as a member of the Reichstag, — it will be recalled that he refused to vote for the later credits, — he said: —

What determined me, and practically all of my Socialist fellow members, was our hatred for the Tsar's Government. The menace of Russia was dangled before our eyes. France was almost lost sight of for the moment. Furthermore, our dispatches reported that the French Army had invaded German territory.

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DISTRESSED GERMAN COLONIES IN RUSSIA

BEFORE the war the most prosperous rural communities in Russia were the German colonies. They contained several million people, who had lived in Russia about as long as the Pennsylvania Germans have lived in America, and were equally disassociated from the

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land of their ancestors. Several of the most important of these colonies lie in the path of the present famine. They had previously suffered relatively more than the rest of Russia from the effects of the war and the revolution. They were distrusted by the Tsar's officers during the war. Precisely because they were the most prosperous and advanced rural sections of the Empire, they were most affected by the economic disorganization of the country. They offered the richest booty to marauding bands, and they attracted the covetous attention of the officials of both the Bolshevist and the counter-revolutionary governments. Moreover, they are in the part of Russia that has been longest and most continuously afflicted with civil war.

In 1912 and 1913 there were many prairie communities in Southern Russia where an American might easily receive the impression that he was driving through a prosperous farming-section of our own West. According to the latest reports, some of these communities have disappeared entirely; and those that survive are in the utmost distress.

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WOMEN IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

OPPORTUNITIES for higher education were opened to women in the present territories of Czechoslovakia between 1890, when secondary schools were established for them, and 1900, by which date they were admitted to the philosophical and medical faculties of Prague University. Since Czechoslovakia has become independent, all higher courses of study, except theology, have been opened to women, and restrictions upon their admission to technical schools, which formerly existed, have been swept away.

Not only are women given practically the same privileges as men in public educational institutions, but they are rapidly securing a foothold in the higher teaching force, though hitherto such appointments have been only provisional. In principle, however, women may be appointed to any chair in the universities. The young republic has repealed the former regulations prohibiting the employment of married women as teachers, or in the civil service. If a teacher leaves the profession on account of marriage, she receives a retirement allowance, graded according to her length of service. Women are eligible for election to local legislative bodies, and since 1919 have been permitted to serve on juries.

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A LABOR PARTY CATECHISM

SEVERAL political handbills have recently reached the office of the *Living Age*, mementos of the by-elections that have recently occurred in Great Britain. Among them is the following 'catechism,' circulated among various departments by the Labor Party. While quite as biased as any campaign literature would be, issued in the United States, it throws some interesting light upon the arguing-points used by that Party in its present campaign against the Government: —

Who scrapped the Agriculture Act and reduced the Agricultural Industry to chaos?
The Coalition Government

Who refused to adopt the Sankey Commission's Report, and thus were mainly responsible for the Mining dispute, and the present starvation wages of thousands of miners? *The Coalition Government*

Who called upon the nation to practise economy, but threw millions away in Mesopotamia, Russia, Palestine, Egypt, Persia, and so forth? *The Coalition Government*

Who, by reducing educational facilities, propose to make your children pay for the war? *The Coalition Government*

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Who has brought our Export Trade to ruin and filled the streets with unemployed by pursuing a wicked and shortsighted Foreign Policy? *The Coalition Government*

Who promised to make England a fit place for heroes to live in, but now offers an emigration ticket instead?
The Coalition Government

Who desires to strengthen the House of Lords and so create a constitutional obstacle to Democratic Legislation?
The Coalition Government

Who promised 400,000 houses, but scrapped the scheme before one third of the number have been built? *The Coalition Government*

Who let loose the Black and Tans on Ireland, but were ultimately forced to adopt Labor's Policy to save the situation?
The Coalition Government

MINOR NOTES

Die Voss of Berlin summarizes in a recent issue the report of the Hamburg-American Line for 1921. The quantity of merchandise that crossed the wharves of the Company last year was twice as great as during the year before. During the season, 70,360 tons were added to the fleet, 27 new ocean-steamers having been completed that year. At present the Company has 43 vessels under construction, totaling just under 200,000 tons capacity. In addition, the Company has bought two passenger-steamers and four freight-steamers from the Allies. The present carrying capacity of the fleet is 408,000 tons, approximately one third of what it was immediately before the war. The alliance between the Hamburg-American Company and the United American line, or Harriman group, has proved most satisfactory.

A HAMBURG company, operating a small fleet of sailing vessels, proposed to christen them *Pirate, Boche, Hun,* and *Fourteen Points,* but, according to a report from Hamburg, it has been requested by the Central Government 'to desist from this form of irony.'

AMONG the difficulties facing the North Irish Government is unemployment. Well toward seventy thousand of all classes and creeds, including not less than eight thousand ex-service men, are out of work. This complicates the situation politically, because Catholic workers have been expelled from the shipyards by the Protestant workers. So long as the present unemployment continues, the argument is used that ex-service men shall have preference when new men are taken on by the works; and it chances that a large proportion of these are Protestants. It is predicted that when employment conditions are better in Belfast, the friction within labor ranks is likely to subside.

THE *New Statesman* says that London has not had so many beggars within living memory as to-day, and the worst of it is, they have none of the romance of beggary.

They are prosaic, dull, hopeless. Most of them look as if they had been born to be commonplace citizens, earning a more or less honest living like you and me. To speak strictly, indeed, they are not beggars, but collectors. They stand on the curb; they wait in the doorways of restaurants; they haunt the streets of the respectable. All the time they keep shaking their narrow white boxes, and asking for more. They vary from the sullen to the responsive. Some of them seem to demand a right rather than to beg a favor. They believe that there is money somewhere, and it is only just that it should be shared. It is the habit of civilized societies, at the end of a great war, to provide curbs fit for heroes to stand on.

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GERMANY'S PLANS IN RUSSIA

[For several weeks prior to the Genoa Conference significant allusions in the European press presaged the approaching treaty between Germany and Russia. The following article is an excellent summary of the relations between the two countries since the war.]

From *L'Écho de Paris*, *March* 8, 24
(CLERICAL DAILY)

GERMANY has profited for centuries by her common frontier with Russia. Many of her children have found homes in the latter country. Most Western nations that exported goods and invested capital in Russia, buying municipal and railway bonds and shares in manufacturing companies, did not send personal representatives to that country, except an occasional engineer or technical expert. But Germany exported men and women to her eastern neighbor, a majority of whom became farmers and retail traders. When the war broke out in 1914, there were several million German-speaking residents in the Empire of the Tsars.

These colonies, we should observe at once, were not located along the frontier, as one would naturally expect, or even in the vicinity of the border. A study of Russian population statistics reveals the surprising fact that the proportion of residents of German extraction in the Baltic provinces, where we would expect it to be largest, was much lower than in other regions. Emigrants from Germany hunted out the richest land. In the very heart of Russia, within the governments of Samara and Saratov, more than 10 per cent of the population was of German blood and descent. The settlers in that region mark the farther end of a broad zone that begins near Petrograd and includes practically all Western Russia, extending across the fertile Steppes of the South, embracing Crimea and the Caucasus, then curving and ascending the Volga as far as Kazan, where it divides and thrusts forth a branch of German-speaking territory as far as the Southern Urals.

These settlers own and cultivate millions of acres of land, are extensively engaged in retail trade and manufacturing, and hold high government and professional positions. Little by little, Germany had thus thrown a net around Russia that insured the German race possession of a great part of its fertile land and minerals.

This brief review is pertinent because, in spite of the war and the Bolshevist Revolution, the number of Germans in Russia is still large. A map recently published by the People's Commissariat for Nationalities, giving the boundaries of the allied and autonomous territories, shows a region as large as a French department, named 'The German Commune of the Volga.'

Now this past history will necessarily determine the future policy of Germany toward Russia, especially since the former country has now lost her colonies and has been deprived of a portion of her natural wealth by the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar Basin, and Upper Silesia.

Since Germany must have raw materials and new outlets for her manufactures, she must study carefully where to direct her emigrants and where to ship her goods. Even before the war, she regarded Russia as a sort of Prom-

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ised Land, an indispensable base for her future industrial expansion. Now she regards that land as an indispensable source of raw materials, an equally indispensable market, and a refuge for her surplus population; and she proposes to create ties with Russia that will be of incalculable advantage when she fights her great future war of vengeance and conquest.

When Germany facilitated the return of the Bolshevist leaders to Russia, her sole purpose was to destroy that country's military resistance. She had no idea that the Soviet régime would take root and flourish there. Bolshevism was merely a means to an end, and she expected to crush it as soon as it had served her immediate purpose.

Contrary to her anticipations, Bolshevism became firmly established in Russia; and simultaneously Germany's defeat prevented her from crushing the Bolsheviki.

Unquestionably Germany's hand was at work in the various military expeditions launched in the Baltic provinces against the Soviet régime. She furnished arms and munitions to the leaders of those enterprises. But we cannot truly say that Germany seriously considered overthrowing the Bolsheviki by force after her own defeat. Presumably better informed than were the Allies of true conditions in that country, on account of the numerous Germans residing there, she had no faith in the success of Denikin and Kolchak, believing that the moment the Entente ceased to send armies to Russia, native troops would prove incapable of resisting the Red forces.

Consistently with this, Germany began, as early as 1919, to make overtures for business relations with the Soviet Government. She believed that, although the chaos in Russia might prevent her realizing at once her ultimate political projects in that country, she might open a profitable market there for her manufactures, that would be paid for in gold, precious stones, and the raw materials that Russia still had in stock. It was with this object in view that Germany sent an Investigating Committee to that country.

Speaking in the Reichstag on January 2, 1921, Dr. Simons, the Foreign Minister, said that Germany was arranging for such a commission to visit Russia. 'We have tried to establish connections with the Coöperatives. The delay in accomplishing this is due to the Moscow Government, which imposed a number of conditions that Berlin accepted without gaining anything thereby.'

None the less, German persistence began to have effect, and after February 1921 there was rapid progress. From this month, in fact, dates the resumption of commercial intercourse between Germany and Soviet Russia. On the eighteenth of February, a protocol was signed at Moscow by representatives of the German Foreign Office and of the Soviet Foreign Office to regulate provisionally relations between the two countries. Commercial delegations were to be attached to the delegations already established at Moscow and Berlin in order to insure free intercourse between the two nations. Among other things, this agreement regulated passports and visas required of citizens of either country when traveling in the other. It guaranteed the inviolability of the property of Germans who might settle in Russia, with the permission of the Soviet authorities, in order to engage in business there.

The German Commercial Delegation in Russia was commissioned to defend the economic interests of the German Commonwealth. It supervised negotiations with all the Soviet Committees

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that had a voice in regulating foreign trade, and registered contracts concluded in Russia between the Soviet representatives and German citizens. Finally, by Article Thirteen, which was far more favorable to the Germans than to the Russians, the Russian Government obligated itself to refer to arbitration all disputes occurring in Russia itself that might arise out of business transactions between the two countries and their citizens; at the same time it agreed that all similar disputes occurring in Germany should be decided by German courts.

From the signing of this treaty, relations between Germany and Russia have grown constantly closer. Krassin, in the old days an engineer in the employ of Hugo Stinnes, appeared at Berlin and reorganized the Soviet Delegation with his usual thoroughness and efficiency. Krestinskii established himself at the German capital as Soviet Ambassador, while Dr. Wiedenfeld was appointed Germany's Chargé d'Affaires at Moscow. Several consulates were opened, including a Bolshevist Consulate at Stettin and a German Consulate at Petrograd. Committees of German business men visited Russia; a German Government Commercial Bureau was established at Odessa in July, another at Petrograd in August, and a third and still more important one at Moscow, to supplement the labors of the delegates already there.

At the same time Professor Lomonosov, representing the Soviet Government, ordered seven hundred locomotives in Germany, of which one hundred and thirty-seven are to be furnished by Henschel and Company, of Cassel, and the remainder by seventeen other German locomotive works. The price was two million paper marks (equivalent at present exchange to less than seven thousand dollars American currency) per locomotive, the total cost being covered by a gold deposit made by the Soviet Government in a neutral country. The earliest deliveries on this order reached Russia in November and December 1921, and January 1922.

During the first three months of 1921, two hundred and twenty-four thousand tons of merchandise were imported into Russia. Dr. Simons declared in the Reichstag a year ago this April: 'We should turn our faces toward the East, for it is there that we shall send our surplus of intellectual and economic products.'

During the second three months of 1921, a subsidiary of the Hamburg-American line, known as the *Deutsche Russische Transport Gesellschaft*, was organized to handle business with Petrograd, where warehouses were promptly opened. Half of the capital of this company is supplied by the Hamburg-American line, and the other half by the Soviet Government. It controls shipments not only by sea but also by land.

Last August Mr. Hermann, head of the German Delegation to Moscow, signed a contract with the Soviet Commissar of Agriculture for heavy deliveries of seed grain and agricultural implements. These are to be paid for in products, the Soviet Government binding itself to deliver in return specified quantities of flax and timber. In December a supplementary treaty was signed, reëstablishing free telegraph communication between the two countries; and the same month a German consortium received an agricultural grant of several thousand of acres of land in Southern Russia. The same month, also, the Engineering Committee of the Russian Commissariat of Foreign Trade commissioned its representative, Professor Lomonosov, to place in Germany additional orders for rails, locomotives, and other equipment. These were given to Krupp's,

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Oberschlesische Stahlwerke, Thyssen-Hütte, Rheinstahl-Bochumer-Verein, and others. The total payments involved were equivalent to one hundred million dollars in American currency.

Advertisements are often seen in German newspapers for mechanics and metal workers to go to Russia, and thousands of skilled artisans have already left or are preparing to leave for that country. Our diplomatic representatives in the Baltic provinces constantly report the arrival of such parties of Germans on their way to Russia, particularly by way of Reval.

Upon the whole, Germany attained tangible results during 1921. German exports to Russia mounted by leaps and bounds. Of some twenty million poods of merchandise unloaded during that year at Petrograd, a full third came from Germany; of the 230 steamers that arrived at that port, 106 were German; of the 1,551,170 poods of machinery and metal products arriving in October 1921, 1,534,452 poods were from Germany.

Mr. Müller, an engineer who is Secretary-General of the Economic Bureau for Restoring Trade with Russia, said in an interview to German press representatives last December, that a group of bankers, exporters, and manufacturers, including sixty-eight of the largest manufacturing corporations, scientific societies, and labor bodies in Germany, proposed to organize in the near future a Central German-Russian Bank that would have branches in all of the principal Russian cities. It is also planned to establish German Chambers of Commerce at the same point. The Soviet Government has consented to guarantee the branches of a bank and the chambers of commerce full independence of action.

On the eleventh of January, the Rosta, or official Russian Telegraph Bureau, announced that after the sixth of that month the German National Bank and the Dresden Bank had agreed to recognize the drafts of the Soviet National Bank. At the same time, the Soviet National Bank directed its representatives in Berlin to deposit several million marks with the German National Bank. The same day the Soviet National Bank drew its first check against the German National Bank for fifteen millions of marks. Thus, after an interruption of more than seven years, banking relations were restored between Russia and Germany.

Late in January, *Pravda* and *Krasnaya Gazeta* reported that the East-European Credit Bank of Konigsberg, which is supposed to be operating with German Government funds, had just concluded a new contract with the Soviet Government for a large order of locomotives in Germany, amounting to several hundred million paper marks. These were to be paid for partly in cash, partly in long-term obligations, and partly in mineral concessions.

On the same date the German Northwestern Bank opened a credit of five hundred million marks in favor of the Central Union of Russian Coöperatives, to enable the latter to purchase German goods. This credit was to be repayable in Russian raw materials, to be priced by the regular Hamburg quotations at time of delivery.

Last of all, the Soviet Government has recently authorized the reopening of the German consulates at Kazan, Baku, Tiflis, Rostov-on-the-Don, Batum, Sebastopol, Kiev, and Nikolaev.

What are we to conclude from this? Germany is clearly establishing her trade and industry more firmly in Russia with every day that passes. But Russia cannot continue to pay cash for what she buys. Her recent heavy orders in Germany have been financed by the German banks.

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However, Soviet rule, legal insecurity and uncertainty, ruined railways, and the general distress prevailing in Russia, limit trade between the two countries. So long as Soviet Russia had gold, Germany supplied her neighbor with merchandise paid for in cash, in quantities that added materially to the prosperity of her industries. Now, however, Russia's stock of gold is running low. The Soviet Government is jealously guarding what is left for use in foreign propaganda. Her stock of raw materials is also coming to an end. Some new medium of exchange must be discovered. Therefore Germany is importuning Europe and America to aid Russia, to give her credit, knowing that this will benefit Germany first and foremost. Such a scheme as this lies behind the fine projects of Hugo Stinnes and Walter Rathenau to organize a consortium to exploit Russia. Germany has her representatives everywhere in that country. She knows all the details of business life and economic conditions there. She can supply manufactures promptly to its markets; and has her plans carefully arranged to seize those markets the moment opportunity appears.

THE ENIGMA OF SERAJEVO

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

[In addition to the personal intrigues and rancors here described, an unmentioned political factor may have played a part in the murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand. He was thought to favor elevating the Slavic territories and races under Hapsburg rule to equality with the German and Hungarian territories, thus converting the Dual Monarchy into a Triple Monarchy, a project bitterly opposed by the two privileged nationalities, and also by partisans of a 'Greater Serbia.']

From *La Revue de France, April* 1
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMI-MONTHLY)

DURING the spring of 1914 alarming reports were current regarding the health of the old Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph. It was not the first time such rumors had been heard. Some years before, when performing military service on the desolate plateau of Larzac, the author of these lines received from the editorial office of an important Paris daily an urgent telegram directing him to send at once an obituary notice upon Francis Joseph, who was reported to be very ill and not expected to live. Out there on Larzac Plateau, in a tent, without notes or even as much as a lead pencil, that was something of an assignment. This time, however, the reports seemed serious. For several weeks they occupied the attention of cabinets and diplomats.

Thus it happened that the character and personal qualities of the Heir Apparent, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, became a matter of absorbing interest. Doubtless this was one of the reasons that moved Kaiser William II to visit

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the Archduke, on the twelfth of June, at his castle at Konopicht. The fact that the Kaiser was accompanied by Von Tirpitz, just then the trusted military adviser and favorite of his sovereign, emphasized the important character of the meeting.

What was said during this famous interview? What was its real object, and what results were anticipated from it?

Imaginative historians — many of them are abundantly endowed with that quality — and journalists were given free rein. They imagined several hypotheses, some of which were very clever.

It will repay us better, however, to keep close to facts and official documents. On June 17, 1914, immediately after the interview, Tschirschky, the German Ambassador to Vienna, wrote to the Imperial Chancellor at Berlin: —

> Count Berchtold has been invited to Konopicht by Archduke Francis Ferdinand. After His Majesty the Kaiser left, this Minister told me that the Archduke was greatly gratified with the results of the Kaiser's visit. They talked over everything and were absolutely in accord upon every subject.

A marginal note by William II appended to this report shows that much attention was given to Rumania. The conduct of Hungary, whose officials were persecuting and tyrannizing over the Rumanians of Transylvania, prevented Rumania, even if she so desired, from joining the Triple Alliance.

Scarcely had he returned from Konopicht to Vienna, when Berchtold, whose indolence was the least of his faults, wrote a memorandum on Austria's status in the Balkans. He said: 'The situation is rapidly becoming unendurable. Russia is endeavoring to form a Balkan confederation directed against the Hapsburg Monarchy. With this in view, she is trying to win Rumania, whose relations with Austria are rapidly becoming worse.' He then proceeded to sketch in sombre hues the history of relations between Austria and Rumania, which were certainly not improving. In fact, they were steadily growing worse.

Berlin was urging energetically, and the Cabinet at Vienna had long been practising, a policy of 'quiet waiting and friendly remonstrance.' Had it depended on Austria alone, this oversolicitous attitude toward Rumania would have been modified long since. The Austro-Hungarian Government had shown on several occasions a disposition to take a sterner attitude. This was notably the case in 1913, when Rumania joined Serbia and Greece, declared war on Bulgaria, and suddenly invaded that country's territory. However, Germany was anxious to keep on good terms with a nation under a Hohenzollern monarch, and to prevent that Kingdom from joining her enemies. So she held a firm rein over Austria's impulses.

Berchtold's report ended with this paragraph, which constituted almost a threat to Russia: —

> For these reasons the men in control of the foreign policy of Austria-Hungary are convinced that it is for the common interest of that Monarchy and of Germany, in view of the actual state of the Balkan crisis, to oppose promptly and energetically a development that Russia is eagerly fostering and methodically accomplishing, and that, if allowed to develop further, cannot be prevented.

This was the moral atmosphere, so to speak, of the Ballplatz, the Vienna Foreign Office, at the moment when Francis Ferdinand left for Bosnia.

Early in June the Vienna newspapers announced that Grand Manœuvres would be held in Bosnia, on the Serbian frontier, under the direction of the Archduke himself. The Royal Heir

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would make his formal entrance into Serajevo, the capital, on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June. This was the anniversary of the Battle of Kossovo, a day of national mourning for the Serbs of Serbia and Bosnia.

By choosing this place for the Grand Manœuvres and this day for entering Serajevo, the Government served notice, or rather served a scarcely disguised threat, upon its southern neighbor. Austria-Hungary paraded her military forces before the very gates of the Serbian realm, as if to say that she was ready to use them at the first opportunity.

On June 23, Francis Ferdinand and his wife arrived at Ilidze, a little summer resort a few miles from Serajevo, situated in beautiful country near the source of the Bosnia River. The largest hotel had been requisitioned for the royal party, and great preparations were made for their reception. The Duchess was to remain here, while her husband directed the manœuvres in the vicinity of Mostar.

In this connection the *Bosnische Post*, the principal German newspaper of Bosnia, printed an editorial dwelling upon the military strength of Austria, concluding with the following admonitory advice to the Serbs: —

> This military demonstration will lead back to the straight road of patriotism those of our Slavic fellow citizens who fancy that conspiracy and plotting will enable them to undermine the rights which the Monarchy possesses to those provinces, rights that are as dear to her as are the youngest children of a family to their parents.

While the Archduke was absent the Duchess, with several members of her suite, often went about Serajevo incognito. She visited the great Catholic Church, convents, synagogues, mosques, and bazaars; but she ostentatiously refrained from visiting the Serbian Cathedral, which is one of the principal architectural monuments of the town.

On Sunday, June 28, about nine o'clock in the morning, the Archduke and the Duchess left Ilidze in an automobile. General Potiorek, the provincial governor, and Lieutenant von Merrizzi, the Archduke's aid-de-camp, accompanied them in the same vehicle. The Heir Apparent was in full uniform as generalissimo, and wore all his decorations. The Duchess wore a white gown and a large hat. Three automobiles followed, carrying the prefect of police, a government commissioner, and several high officers and officials. It required but a few minutes to cover the four or five miles between Ilidze and the city. The party entered Serajevo through the new suburbs on the south.

The ancient capital of Bosnia is crowded into a narrow valley at the foot of high mountains, and in spite of many years of Austrian rule it still retains its Mohammedan character. Numerous minarets break the sky line. In the older part of the city the streets are crooked and narrow. It would be hard to imagine a place where such a crime as was about to be committed could be more easily accomplished, provided, of course, special precautions were not taken. On the other hand, there is hardly a town where such precautions could be taken more successfully if they were desired. All that was necessary was to settle the party's exact route and to place it under guard. The people were kept well in hand by the Austrian authorities, who were exceedingly exacting and severe in districts having a large Serbian population.

It was not the first time that members of the Royal House had visited Serajevo. In 1910 the old Emperor Francis Joseph was received there with great ceremony. The authorities took the necessary steps, and although the

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hatred of the Austrians was very intense just then, not the slightest untoward incident occurred. This very year, 1914, another Archduke, Francis Salvator, had visited the town, representing the imperial family in a Corpus Christi procession. Strict precautions were taken on that occasion. All streets were carefully guarded by soldiers and police agents. During the period immediately preceding, a close watch had been kept over all passengers arriving at the railway station. The Archduke walked in this procession surrounded by a heavy cordon of Hungarian troops.

Such measures as these should have been multiplied when Francis Ferdinand visited the city. But not a single precaution was taken. All witnesses agree as to this. There were soldiers enough, because several army corps had been assembled for the neighboring manœuvres. But there were no details of troops to guard the Heir Apparent, and naturally no troops lined the route. In truth, had it been designed to send the Archduke to his death, no greater neglect of precautions would have been possible.

It was glorious weather. Very few people were in the streets. The Serbs, who form a majority of the population, did not leave their houses. That morning the local newspapers had contented themselves with publishing, framed in the national colors, an account of the Battle of Kossovo.

After a short halt before the building occupied by the post and telegraph offices, where the staff was presented to the Archduke, his automobile departed down the quay that borders the little river, at this time almost dry, that flows through the town. A young man standing on the sidewalk next to the river took several steps toward the automobile of the Archduke, and threw a black object which he held in his hand toward him. The chauffeur observed him, and put on more speed. The bomb, for such it was, fell into the hood of the uncovered automobile. Francis Ferdinand, with extraordinary coolness, seized it and threw it out into the road. It exploded at that moment, wounding his aid-de-camp slightly in the head, and causing much more serious injury to the legs of a forest guard who was stationed in the immediate vicinity.

The automobile halted a hundred yards farther on. Francis Ferdinand was worried over the condition of the wounded men, and said: 'Come on! The fellow 's a madman! Gentlemen, let us proceed with our programme!' His courage and coolness cannot be doubted. We have specific testimony as to this from Frenchmen who were present at the scene.

The man who threw the bomb sprang into the river-bed and tried to flee. Two police agents started after him. One of them threatened the fugitive with his revolver, whereupon the man halted and was captured, and taken to the military prison. He proved to be a young Serbian compositor, named Cabrinovitch, nineteen years old, who had come from Belgrade, with the bomb already in his possession, several days before.

One would naturally assume that after this first attempt upon the life of the Archduke the authorities would have cleared the streets, changed the route, and if necessary stopped the ceremonies. But nothing of the kind was done. Their imprudence, if it was not designed, is so inexplicable as to border on the incredible. The party went on to the City Hall, where a formal reception was to be given them. Reports of the attempted assassination soon spread among the people, and the streets, which had hitherto been sparsely filled, were crowded.

In the great hall of the City Building, the mayor, who had written out his

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speech of welcome, was reading it as if nothing had occurred, without changing a single syllable. To say the least, it did not suit the occasion. It dilated upon the loyalty of the people and the overwhelming joy with which they welcomed the Heir Apparent. The Archduke, who was naturally quick-tempered and outspoken, could not restrain himself. He roughly interrupted the poor burgomaster with: 'Enough of that! What! I make you a visit and you receive me with bombs! What do you mean by talking of loyalty?' His wife, who was standing close to his side, and who had a great influence over him, quietly took him by the arm. He at once became calm, and resumed in a gentler voice: 'Now go on!'

The burgomaster, somewhat put out by the incident, finished his address the best he could. This ended the reception. The Archduke made no reply. He refused to receive the city officials.

Just as the party was leaving, Francis Ferdinand decided to go to the military hospital to learn the condition of his aid-de-camp, who had been taken there. He wished his wife to return immediately to Ilidze. The Duchess absolutely refused to leave her husband, saying: '*Nein, gerade in der Gefahr brauchst du mich!*' — 'No, it is in time of danger that you need me!'

We must admit that she showed courage and even greatness of soul on that occasion.

Just before entering his automobile the Archduke asked if they had arrested the man who threw the bomb. He was told that they had. Thereupon he exclaimed: 'Hang him as soon as you can, or else Vienna will send him a decoration!'

It seems utterly incredible, but even after this attack, when the Archduke's party was about to traverse the narrow city streets, by this time thronged with people, the military and civic authorities still insisted on taking no precautions. It is said that Count Francis Harrach, of the Archduke's staff, expressed to General Potiorek, while they were still in the City Hall, his great surprise that no guards had been placed along the route. Potiorek swelled up with importance, and replied: 'Do you think that Serajevo is full of assassins? Don't you know, anyway, that two such attempts are never made the same day?'

With this confident assurance by the General, whose poise we cannot help admiring, the party left. The Archduke and the Duchess were in the back of the automobile, while General Potiorek sat in front with the chauffeur to indicate the route, which the driver did not know. The pavements and the sidewalks were packed with people. There were no police or soldiers whatsoever to protect the party.

Some three hundred yards from the City Hall the automobile was obliged to slow down and turn into a narrow side-street. At this point it grazed the sidewalk where a young man was standing on the corner. He merely had to stretch out his arm to place his revolver almost against the breast of the Archduke and the Duchess. He fired two shots. The automobile increased its pace. When it reached the residence of General Potiorek it contained two corpses. Francis Ferdinand and his wife had been killed instantly.

The whole thing was over in two minutes. The assassin was arrested without difficulty. He was a Serbian student born in Bosnia, named Gavrilo Prinzip.

This is the account of the frightful tragedy that began one of the greatest wars that ever desolated our planet, as told by authoritative eyewitnesses. But though the facts of the murder itself are so fully and unquestionably known, none the less it is involved in the deepest mystery.

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Why was there such utter absence of the usual precautions on a visit where there was every reason to take excessive precautions? Was this an accident or was it designed?

Naturally the civil authorities disclaimed all responsibility, insisting that the army was in charge of the whole reception. General Potiorek, after a most incompetent and disastrous campaign against the Serbs a few months later, became insane. Was he already insane at the time? Or did he yield to the persuasion of men higher up, and purposely permit the Archduke to go to almost certain death?

All of these suspicions, even the worst, are plausible. It is fairly well established, as our former ambassador at Vienna relates in his volume, *La dernière ambassade en Autriche*, that a certain Reich, a former Pan-Slav agitator and conspirator who had gone over to the service of the Austrian police, — something that frequently happened, — was entrusted with stationing agents of his own selection in Serajevo. Instead of detailing policemen, he is presumed to have placed conspirators at the most favorable points.

Francis Ferdinand had made exceedingly bitter enemies in the highest circles of the Court, among functionaries, diplomats, and generals. He was known to be temperamentally arbitrary and brutal, and ready to smash things at the slightest caprice. When the old Emperor entrusted him, on a certain occasion, with making appointments in the army, he abused his power to such an extent that it was necessary to deprive him of the right. Francis Joseph disliked him, and let no occasion pass to show it. He sedulously fomented rivalry between Francis Ferdinand and Archduke Charles, the husband of Princess Zita. Whenever Francis Ferdinand left for a vacation, the old Emperor had his grandnephew take the Heir Apparent's place in all official functions, although he seldom accorded that right to the Archduke himself.

Among the men who hated the Archduke most was the Prince of Montenuovo, the Grand Chamberlain of the Court, who knew that as soon as Francis Ferdinand ascended the throne he would be dismissed.

On the other hand, Francis Ferdinand did not trouble to conceal his sentiments. Professor Lamasch describes in a recent book[1] an interview with Francis Ferdinand, who expressed himself in most offensive terms regarding Schönaich, Minister of War, Aehrenthal, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and several other persons.

Add to all this the indignation felt by the archduchesses and higher nobility at the possible elevation of the Duchess of Hohenberg, the morganatic wife of Francis Ferdinand, to Queen of Hungary, and perhaps Empress of Austria, and it is easy to imagine what an atmosphere of suspicion and hate surrounded the Royal Couple.

That would be important in itself. But there is still more to add. For some time whispered rumors had been circulated in the highest circles in Vienna to the effect that the Archduke was mentally unbalanced. He was said to be afflicted at times with violent crises, during which he completely lost his self-control, gave way to excesses of fury, smashed everything in his reach, and threatened the life of those near him. After such crises there would follow periods of extreme prostration.

Foreign Governments conversant with these rumors instructed their representatives to obtain all possible information upon the subject. What they learned neither confirmed the rumors nor completely disproved them. The truth is, it was difficult, almost impossible, to learn the actual truth.

[1] Noted in the *Living Age*, March 25.

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Francis Ferdinand had practically ceased to appear at Court. During the Balkan War, so harmful to the prestige of Austria-Hungary in Eastern Europe, he never visited Vienna. He lived in retirement with his wife and children at his castle at Konopicht, in Bohemia, at Miramar, near Trieste, or on the little island of Brioni, not far from Pola.

During one of my cruises in the Adriatic, on the yacht of a friend, I passed several days in that delightful nook, which was very popular both winter and summer with Austrian high society. A jovial, enterprising hotel-keeper had succeeded in making Brioni a favorite resort. Francis Ferdinand and the Duchess spent nearly the whole winter there, accompanied by a couple of aids-de-camp. A Vienna friend of mine told me that the Archduke really did have veritable crises of madness; the guests and the servants often mentioned them.

Wickham Steed, editor of the London *Times*, who resided for a long period in Vienna and wrote the best book that we have on Austria, described this malady with much detail in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. According to him, Francis Ferdinand had contracted an incurable disease when a very young officer in garrison in Bohemia. He supposed it had been cured, but it reappeared several years later. The Archduke would eventually become paralyzed; his intermittent fits of madness were the earlier symptoms of that disease.

Now let me recapitulate all the points in the case. An impulsive man with an unbalanced mind, perhaps already a madman or a maniac, finding himself destined to an early death, threatened to tear down the worm-eaten edifice of the Monarchy by his irresponsible caprices. Furthermore, he was married to an ambitious woman who, in all likelihood, would endeavor to rise above her station in the world. Could anything be better calculated to lead to disastrous complications!

One can well understand why many people in the highest Court circles, after expressing regrets because of the assassination at Serajevo, breathed a sigh of relief. One of them cynically characterized the prevailing state of mind as follows: 'The Archduke gave us the excuse we wanted to attack the Serbs. His rôle was finished. It was good that he should disappear.'

The manner in which his funeral was conducted is characteristic of this sentiment. It would be difficult to imagine anything more unfitting and even disgraceful. The Prince of Montenuovo worked his vengeance on the dead man with the same pitiless ferocity that the Archduke would have shown him had he lived.

William II, always on the alert to seize an occasion to figure in the spotlight, declared that he would attend the funeral, accompanied by a brilliant suite. Immediately the Austrian Government set to work to prevent this. The protocol, etiquette, — all-sacred etiquette, — and the health of the old Emperor, were cited as reasons why he should not come. Thereupon William II suggested that his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, attend in his place. That proposal likewise was rejected. So the funeral was held without any ceremony, only one archduke being present, and without the usual military honors. It was a poor, obscure, neglected sort of formality. The *Reichpost*, Francis Ferdinand's personal organ, complained bitterly, making in this connection a scarcely veiled allusion to the 'unfortunate decision of a high Court official.'

This premeditated and almost insulting disregard of the respect that should properly have been shown to the memory of the heir to the throne was

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pushed to such a point that it evoked violent protest from certain members of the Vienna nobility. A hundred or more of these, led by a relative of the Duchess, attended the funeral and accompanied the remains to the railway station. They thus manifested their indignation at the conduct of the Prince of Montenuovo. But that gentleman held the winning hand, as he promptly showed his critics. A few days later he received from the Emperor a letter complimenting him upon the perfect manner in which he had arranged the funeral. No more conspicuous way could have been chosen to indicate that the Chamberlain was carrying out the wishes of his sovereign, who hated the assassinated Archduke and showed little regret at his death.

Thus the first act of a great drama ended. Whoever scrutinizes the intrigues behind the scenes cannot fail to be impressed by the tortuous corruption and unwholesomeness they betrayed. Intrigue circling within intrigue; an uncle detesting his nephew, who reciprocated that sentiment with interest; malignant hatred among courtiers, who were far more interested in place and money than in the welfare of their country; a remissness of duty that is more than suspicious on the part of the authorities and the police at a time when conditions counseled unusual precaution; an assassination welcomed with scarcely concealed satisfaction by a great number of influential people!

Such things have the odor of corruption and decay. A government where such conditions are possible is already in process of decomposition. We should bear these things in mind before we bewail the vanishing of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, before we shed tears over its mouldering ruin. That Monarchy was mainly responsible for its own destruction. The fatal blow was not struck from without; it was struck from within.

EGYPTIAN MEMORIES

BY A FRENCH RESIDENT

From *L'Opinion, February 25, March 4*
(PARIS NATIONALIST LITERARY WEEKLY)

EGYPTIANS seem to feel that they have all eternity before them, and that the passing civilizations imposed upon their country from time to time are merely minor episodes in their history. They remained what they were, while these transitory alien cultures eventually vanished, leaving behind, perhaps, a few artistic fragments to tell of their former presence, but no trace whatever in the soul and character of the native.

Two distinct races live side by side in Egypt: the fellahs and the Bedouins. The fellah is a peasant attached to the soil. I can compare him with nothing better than an ox. Physically he has broad, massive shoulders and coarse, heavy limbs; he pushes his cart as an ox would draw it. The Bedouin, on

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the other hand, is a nomad, a robber, a bandit, a man of the desert; but sensitive, proud, independent, scornful of strangers, persistently ignorant of whatever does not appeal to his native fancy, incomprehensible for us Europeans.

In 1914 I used to watch ragged Bedouins riding on their camels toward the desert. They would pass through Cairo before the terraces of the Continental Hotel. These terraces were thronged with fashionable tourists, mostly English. One should not judge the Egyptians hastily, by hucksters who importune tourists to buy overpriced trifles; one should study rather these Bedouins. Not one member of the caravan would deign to turn his head or bestow a glance upon the throng of Westerners that crowded forward with eager curiosity to watch these people of the desert pass.

They tolerate us; but far from admiring our civilization and progress, they view them with crushing contempt.

I chanced to be at Ismaïlia when an aviator was to make what was considered, at that time, an important flight from Suez to Port Said. He was to pass along the route of the canal. Everyone was watching for him. Finally he appeared far to the south, a little dot in the air that gradually grew larger. The Europeans expressed their enthusiasm by cheers and waving. Not far from me a Bedouin sat by the side of his camel, impassively watching the approaching airplane. I said to him: 'What do you think of that?' With a calm, contemptuous look he remarked laconically, 'An invention of your Devil, not of your God,' and strolled on, leading his camel by the nose.

I stood for some time pondering on that remark. We enlightened Europeans had not impressed him by our science and our progress; it was he, the ragged Bedouin, who had impressed me.

One must not confuse the Turks with the Egyptians. The Turks consider themselves the masters, and treat the Egyptians as vassals or as slaves. In 1914 I had a long conversation with the Moheb Pasha, at that time Minister of Agriculture. I recall the longing way in which he referred to his student days in Paris. When I manifested my surprise at meeting 'an Egyptian who speaks our language so perfectly,' he drew back slightly, and without a perceptible change in his attitude of perfect courtesy, remarked in a dry voice: 'I am not an Egyptian, sir; I am a Turk.' I understood.

Later the war came. When watching airplane attacks my mind turned back to that Bedouin whom I met at Ismaïlia and his comment: 'An invention of your Devil, not of your God.' I must confess that I asked myself seriously if he were not right, and if all human inventions did not serve primarily to help men kill each other.

England faced a delicate situation in Egypt. She was at war with Turkey; and yet the people of Egypt regarded the Sultan of Turkey as their spiritual chief. In the Orient it is impossible to separate political and religious questions. The English understood perfectly the policy that this situation demanded. They cultivated the old secession sentiment in Egypt, and thereby succeeded in alienating the Egyptians from the Turks religiously as well as politically. The Khedive, a spiritual vassal of the Sultan, was made Sultan of Egypt.

Consequently the Egyptians did not enter the war against the Entente. But when the armistice came, and Wilson preached his theory of self-determination to the whole world, the upper class in Egypt asked if the moment had not come to take one more

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step forward, and to liberate themselves from the English as well as from the Turks. That sentiment was due in part to the unpopularity of the British officials, who were veritable bloodsuckers on the national budget. To cite a single instance: Within a few months three Englishmen were appointed in quick succession to a very high position in Egypt, and each left office with a very comfortable pension, charged against the Egyptian treasury.

Simultaneously a popular revolutionary agitation shook the country. Strike succeeded strike, particularly in three important public services: the water works, the gas and electric works, and the tramways. These were conducted according to a perfect system; the moment a strike was over in one service another began elsewhere. Industrial demands were not involved, and the disturbances were purely revolutionary. The strikes were subsidized through a bank. It was impossible to say where the money came from. Two sources were conjectured: the Young Turks and the Bolsheviki. In 1919 the Russians were conducting a frantic propaganda everywhere, and at the same time the Turks were eager to recover their former influence in Egypt. I personally have heard Egyptians, disgruntled because their Sultan did not place himself at the head of the Nationalist movement, discuss seriously the possibility of recognizing again the Sultan of Turkey as their religious ruler.

I discussed these matters with Marshal Allenby, whose official responsibility compelled him to maintain the utmost reserve. But during the agitation that culminated in 1919 and 1920 I became personally convinced that the English were letting things take their course, counting upon the probability that if the disturbances became too serious the European Powers themselves would ask England to restore order.

That is what actually happened. In 1921 violent riots occurred in Alexandria, whereupon the representatives of France and Italy appealed to the English commander, who had hitherto remained impassive, to employ his forces to restore public security.

Simultaneously with this nationalist and revolutionary agitation — for it was very difficult to discover how much of it was patriotic and how much Bolshevist — an unprecedented fever of speculation swept over Egypt. Men gambled principally in cotton. The price of this commodity kept persistently rising. Plantation owners stored their crops, hoping to sell for still higher prices, and planted additional land in cotton. Things reached such a point that Egypt, which is almost exclusively an agricultural country, was threatened with famine unless it imported large quantities of grain. So it became necessary for the authorities to take prompt and radical measures. Finally the Government prohibited landowners from planting more than a certain fraction of their estates in cotton.

One often hears the question: 'Why not let the Egyptians govern themselves? They are as capable of doing so as the people of many other countries.' It is true that the upper classes in Egypt are highly educated; but we must bear in mind that the number of such people is relatively small — far too small to govern the country by themselves.

A recent incident will illustrate this. The Egyptians, wishing to show that they needed no assistance from Europeans in managing any branch of business, decided to found a bank exclusively their own. They did not succeed. They were able to get all the native clerks and underlings they

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needed, but they could not find men among their own countrymen who were qualified for managerial positions.

The Nationalists will not be satisfied with qualified independence. They want absolute independence. This raises the question whether it will serve the interests of that country to dispense entirely with a tutor. If the English leave Egypt, we have reason to fear that natives qualified to govern will prove too few to keep order and to maintain the present business prosperity of the land. What the Egyptians represent as hostility toward the English promises to develop rapidly into hostility toward all Whites, and eventually into religious fanaticism.

The English know this. They want to remain in Egypt, for that country has proved a source of wealth to them and assures their control of the Suez Canal. It is easy to read their solicitude in the banquets and other attentions they showered upon the Egyptian mission visiting England, while simultaneously making every preparation to repress the outbreak they foresaw would occur when this mission returned home.

Their anticipations have proved only too well grounded. Last of all, Marshal Allenby presented the case of Egypt at London, and we know the result. Egypt is now nominally an independent kingdom. Let us hope that it means the dawn of a happier future for that country.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES AND IN BRITISH INDIA

BY SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER

[Sir Michael O'Dwyer was governor of the Punjab at the time of the Amritsar 'massacre.' Although he was not in immediate charge of the British forces there engaged, who were commanded by Brigadier-General R. E. H. Dyer, often confused with the Governor, his administration of that important province was a subject of investigation during the Parliamentary inquiry that followed.]

From the *Spectator, March* 25
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE three great democracies of the West are at present confronted with similar problems in the administration of the Oriental races under their rule. France in Indo-China, true to her Latin traditions, is pursuing the work of civilization by the path of administration rather than of politics. The two Anglo-Saxon nations, with their innate belief in self-governing institutions as the universal panacea, are now attempting to transplant democracy to Eastern soil in the Philippines and in British India. The process in both cases has been unduly hastened by blind allegiance to the new doctrine of self-determination — a doctrine which is sometimes exploited to cover moral cowardice and the shirking of responsibility.

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The Prime Minister, in the Indian debate of February 14, showed characteristic insight into the difficulties of the problem. He said: —

> Democracy is only a recent experiment in the West. India has never had democratic government, and it has yet to be seen whether democratic institutions suit the Indian mind. . . . If the experiment in India is to be a success, it must be a gradual one, as it has been in the West. . . . We must take care not to weaken authority when strengthening liberty.

He quoted from Macaulay that 'laws exist in vain for those who have not the courage nor the means to defend them,' and he said that if the British withdrew from India, those who are most turbulent in their demands would be quite incapable of defending their liberties. This is the first time for years that the Indian politicians have heard the truth from the highest quarters, and it is not pleasant. '*C'est la vérité qui blesse.*'

Mr. Lloyd George might have spoken with even more conviction had he been aware of the results of the attempt to enforce self-determination in the Philippines. This has just been made public in General Leonard Wood's 'Report of the Special Mission to the Philippines.' *Fas est ab hoste doceri;* but it is still better to profit by the experience of our friends. For some years Indian politicians have been reproaching us with the fact that the Philippines under American guidance had in a generation progressed further toward self-government than India had after a century of our rule.

There is no real analogy between the two cases. Even before the conquest of the Islands by the States in 1898 Spain had, as the Wood Report shows, in her three hundred years' rule welded the Filipinos from a number of warring tribes into a fairly homogeneous group, 'capable of becoming a people with distinctive and uniform characteristics.' That unification was facilitated by the fact that 90 per cent of the people are Christians, and, like their Japanese neighbors, their outlook is Western rather than Eastern. India, on the other hand, is a mosaic of Eastern races — Aryan, Dravidian, Mongol, Semitic — between whom, owing to caste and religious lines of cleavage, there has been little fusion. The Filipinos have no castes; India has over two thousand main castes. Thirty-seven per cent of the Filipinos are literate, against 6 per cent in India. Ten per cent of the Filipinos are attending school, against 2.5 per cent in India. One in fifteen of the total Filipino population voted at the general election of 1919; in India only one in thirteen hundred voted for the All-India Assembly, one in one hundred and eighty for the Provincial Councils.

There is clearly no real parallel between the Philippines, with eleven millions of fairly homogeneous people, and the sub-continent of India, with three hundred and twenty millions — often as far asunder as the poles in race, religion, and civilization, 'marching with uneven strides through the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth,' and 95 per cent of whom, in the words of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, 'are poorly equipped for politics, and do not at present wish to take part in them.'

It follows that even if the experiment in self-determination had succeeded in the Philippines it would not be safe to argue that a similar experiment would succeed in India. But General Wood's Report proves that the Philippines experiment has been in many respects a lamentable failure.

The United States conquered the Islands in 1898, and President McKinley at once announced the following policy: —

> The Philippines are not ours to exploit, but to develop, to civilize, to educate, to train in the science of self-government.

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That policy has been vigorously pursued, and the experiment divides itself into four stages. In the first, 1898–1901, a military administration quelled rebellion, established public order, and laid the foundations of progress. That period corresponds with our rule in India down to the Mutiny of 1857. From 1901 a civil administration was set up, with a nominated legislature composed mainly of trained American administrators and a minority of Filipinos. Rapid progress was made in every branch of the administration, and the Islands showed a wonderful advance in civilization and prosperity. Compare the great era of administrative activity in India from 1858 down to the Morley-Minto Reforms of 1908.

From 1907 the Americans in the Philippines, like ourselves in India, undertook the development of self-governing institutions.

The Philippine Assembly or Lower House was established on an elective basis, and composed almost entirely of Filipinos, while the old nominated body became an Upper House with very limited powers. Politics began to invade the sphere of administration; the American element was steadily reduced, till in 1913 it amounted to only 28 per cent, and signs of administrative deterioration began to appear. Compare British India from 1908 down to the announcement of August 20, 1917, that self-government within the Empire is our goal in India, and the Reforms Act of 1919, giving practical effect to that declaration.

The fourth stage, 1914–20, with Mr. Wilson as President and his ardent disciple, Mr. Harrison, as Governor-General, saw the almost complete Filipinization of the legislature, the superior executive, the judiciary, and all branches of the administration.

The Jones Act of 1916 gave the Filipino politicians almost complete control, and they made use of their power, as the Indian politicians are now doing with the British services there, to starve or squeeze out the American element, which by 1921 had been reduced to only 4 per cent. The administrator was dispossessed by the politician; nepotism, inefficiency, and intrigue took the place of honest administration for the benefit of the masses. We are witnessing an even more serious deterioration in India since the Reforms Act of 1919, with an apalling increase in lawlessness and violent crime, as the result of the seditious and revolutionary movements which have grown up unchecked under a supine Government, and now threaten the whole fabric of our rule.

By the end of 1920 President Wilson had satisfied himself from Mr. Harrison's Reports 'that the people of the Philippines have succeeded in maintaining a stable government, and have thus fulfilled the condition set by Congress as precedent to the consideration of granting independence.' In a message to Congress he suggested that 'it is now our liberty and our duty to keep our promise by granting them the independence they so honorably covet.' One can imagine Mr. Montagu, if he were still Secretary of State, making similar grandiloquent proposals.

President Wilson gave way to President Harding, who in March 1921 held that the above message could not, 'in the face of conflicting evidence from many sources, be accepted as the final word on so important a subject.' He therefore appointed a Mission to study the situation on the spot and report to him.

The composition of the Mission illustrates the American practical commonsense. It contained no politicians and no Filipinos. Its head, General Wood, had personal knowledge of the Islands and a reputation in the States as an

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organizer and administrator equal to that of Kitchener in the British Empire. His colleague, Governor Forbes, had been signally successful as Governor of the Islands. To them were attached a group of administrators, civil, military, and naval, with special knowledge of the matters under investigation and the languages of the people. The Mission spent four months in the Islands, visited forty-eight of the forty-nine districts, held conferences with officials and people in four hundred and fourty-nine towns, and got into close touch with all classes of the Filipinos, as well as with Americans and foreigners. How different from Mr. Montagu's delegation in India, which got into touch only with the politically minded intelligentsia of the provincial capitals!

The Wood Report is a brief document of twenty-five pages. But every sentence bears the stamp of the practical administrator. While sympathetic to Filipino aspirations, it avoids the 'dreamy and dangerous nonsense' which the *Times* critic found so much of in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. It does not hesitate to state the truth even when unpleasant to Filipino *politicos* or to the United States Administration.

Every branch of the Administration — Legislation, Justice, Taxation and Finance, Public Works, Education, Health and Sanitation, Prisons — is passed under review and shown to have rapidly deteriorated within the last eight years, owing to the premature withdrawal of American guidance and control, while the real interests of the masses of the people have been sacrificed to political theories and the ambitions of self-seeking politicians. A few of the most salient passages are reproduced: —

The general administration *in 1913* was honest, highly efficient, and set a high standard of energy and morality. Inherited tendencies were being rapidly replaced by American ideals and efficiency among the Filipino personnel. . . . It is the general opinion among Americans, Filipinos, and foreigners that the public services are *now* (1921) in many particulars relatively inefficient, that there has occurred a distinct relapse towards the standards and administrative habits of former days. This is due in part to bad example, to incompetent direction, to political infection of the services, and above all to lack of competent supervision and inspection. . . . Again, the Legislature has passed laws tending to demoralize and introduce into the services the infection of politics.

The Report makes it clear that the breakdown is largely due to the desire of the American Government and the Filipino politicos to obtain too rapid results. It says the experiment would have had more chance of success 'had not all the intricacies of a highly organized representative form of government been imposed upon them with too great rapidity':—

We have in many instances by the rapidity of our procedure overtaxed the ability of the people to absorb, digest, and make efficient practical use of what it has taken other nations generations to absorb and apply, and in our critical impatience we forget the centuries of struggle through which our own race passed before it attained well-balanced self-government.

That is the very note of warning which administrators who have the welfare of the Indian masses at heart have been sounding with reference to Mr. Montagu's reforms. But the warning fell on deaf ears till it was taken up by the Prime Minister in his recent speech.

The 'recommendations' of the Wood Report are equally instructive in their application to India. They at once rule out President Wilson's proposal for the grant of full independence, and recommend that the American Governor-

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General be given powers commensurate with his responsibilities, that Congress declare null and void any Filipino legislation limiting or dividing his authority, that no further advance be made until the people have had time to absorb and thoroughly master the powers already committed to them, and finally '*that under no circumstances should the American Government permit to be established in the Philippines a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority.*'

General Wood has done his work thoroughly and well. It is high time that an equally sane and convincing announcement of policy, in the spirit of the Prime Minister's speech of February 14, was made in regard to British India, where a slavish adherence to crude political theories has created a situation even more critical than that of the Philippines.

WHO IS MOREL?

BY LUJO BRENTANO

[*The following article is a chapter from this distinguished economist's recent book,* The World War and E. D. Morel.]

From *Die Wage, March* 11
(VIENNA RADICAL-PACIFIST DAILY)

EDMUND DENE MOREL was born in Paris on the tenth of July, 1873. His father was a Frenchman. His mother was an English lady belonging to a family prominent for centuries as champions of justice and humanity. When he was barely four years old, Morel lost his father; and his mother exercised an undivided influence over his subsequent development. She had him educated in England; but in 1889, when he was sixteen years old, he returned to Paris, where he worked for a year in an American banking-house. After 1890, he was employed by Elder, Dempster and Company, a great shipping-firm of Liverpool.

The latter vocation decided his career, and made him one of the great benefactors of mankind. The counting-room of this company was the centre of England's West African interests. Natives from that continent, ranging all the way from firemen coming to collect their pay to wealthy merchants, visited these offices and made them their headquarters. Morel became intimately familiar with the exotic products that formed the cargoes from that region. He heard all the news and gossip of the European settlements there. These things captivated his interest and made him a zealous student of all that had been written about tropical Africa. He mastered every important work upon the geography, history, trade, population, customs and manners, flora and fauna of the West Coast, and subscribed for all the periodicals, local or foreign, that were published on these subjects.

Morel's salary at that time was only

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sixty pounds, or less than three hundred dollars, a year. His mother, recognizing his talent for writing, urged him to make his knowledge useful by contributing to the press. Even his earliest articles on West Africa revealed such detailed and accurate knowledge of the subject that he was immediately recognized as an authority in this field, and found a ready market for his writings.

From the very first, Morel had a definite African policy. He wrote: Tropical Africa possesses inestimable natural wealth. It is a storehouse of raw materials indispensable for modern industry. In many places the population is very dense. But that country is not a suitable place of residence for Europeans. We have a choice of two ways of making its natural wealth available for mankind. We can take the land away from the natives, declare that this land and all it contains and produces is the property of European governments or concessioners, and force the natives to become slaves or wage earners. That method means terrible oppression of the natives and the eventual ruin of the country. Or we can confirm the native rights to the land, recognize the natives as free men, not mere machines in the service of capitalism, and educate and train them to develop the resources and to multiply the products of their country.

The second and better policy requires us first of all to dismiss the idea that, because the natives do not recognize the private title of individuals to land, no title exists. There is not a square yard of West Africa that is not the property of some economic group, either a tribe or a family. This title is recognized in the unwritten law of the natives, and is respected as scrupulously as if it were embodied in the statutes and court rulings of European jurisprudence.

The second important truth that Morel has consistently emphasized throughout is that when the natives are protected in their right to their land, and treated as free men, they prove themselves industrious and hard-working, and develop their resources as soon as the Government teaches them how and gives them necessary encouragement. Last of all, he has insisted that the workingmen of Europe and America will derive no advantage from tropical Africa unless the native population works and produces something. A normal exchange of European wares for African products is impossible, unless the Africans can supply those products.

Arguing thus, Morel has advocated in all his writings that Europe should respect the property rights and the liberty of the natives. But here he at once came into conflict with all-powerful interests. Leopold II of Belgium, the most unscrupulous and cunning monarch in the world, and a capitalist to the bone, headed his opponents.

Leopold called an international conference, to meet in Brussels on September 12, 1876, to discuss 'the best measures for opening Central Africa to European civilization.' He assured the explorers and scholars, who gathered at his capital from all parts of the world to discuss these questions, that he was personally quite disinterested. This conference resulted in the establishment of 'the International Association for Exploring and Civilizing Africa.' Leopold was elected its president. A year later, Stanley revealed to the world the course of the Congo. Leopold at once engaged him in the service of his company, and Stanley returned to Africa as its representative in 1879, and again in 1882, to make bargains with the chiefs dwelling along this river for territorial concessions.

The International Company thus

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acquired a dominion of its own, and was recognized by the United States in 1884 as an independent state. Controversies having arisen with France, Portugal, and Great Britain as a result, Bismarck called an International Conference in Berlin in 1884, at which the 'Congo Free State' was born. Article I of the Constitution with which the Berlin Conference endowed the Free State reads: 'The commerce of all nations shall be absolutely free.' Article V prohibits the Government from granting monopolies or special trade privileges, and guarantees to all foreigners residing in its territories, without distinction of nationality, freedom of person, the right to acquire movable and immovable property, and liberty to engage in any lawful business.

Only a few months later, however, in July 1885, the Congo Free State began to misuse the rights conferred upon it, by abrogating tribal land-titles. All land in the territories of the Congo Free State not owned by individuals was declared 'no man's land,' and the property of the Government. A month later Leopold proclaimed himself sovereign of the Congo Free State, and the decrees that he issued in this capacity, between 1886 and 1888, limited native land-rights to the narrowest conceivable dimensions. In this way, 'personally disinterested' Leopold made himself absolute master of a tropical empire a third as large as the United States of America.

But still worse was to come. By subsequent decrees he declared the produce of the land the property of the State. Natives gathering such produce to sell to Whites were declared thieves, and White men who bought native produce were declared concealers of stolen goods. Heavy penalities were prescribed both for the thieves and the concealers. Thus the King of Belgium's sole contribution to spreading European civilization in Africa consisted in abolishing by a few strokes of the pen the natives' right to their land and to its products. Millions of free men and women were reduced to slavery, and the rest of the world was prohibited from buying rubber, ivory, or other commodities from them. Leopold thus monopolized the vast wealth of the Congo Basin for himself and his friends. He divided the territory into several districts, which he leased to corporations he created; but the richest districts were reserved as the personal perquisite of the monarch.

Since the natives were robbed of every personal motive for gathering the products of the country, they were forced to do so by a tax on rubber. An army of fifteen thousand Black savages was recruited to enforce this tax, and no objection was raised when these 'bulwarks of law and order' banqueted on human flesh. They were provided with rifles, and in order to prevent wasting cartridges, they were required to produce a human hand for every man they shot. Their period of service was determined by the number of these trophies they brought in. Systematic mutilation of the dead was thus introduced in the rubber districts, and, as was to be expected, soon resulted in mutilating the living, also.

Equally inhuman was the treatment inflicted on White men charged with trading illegally with the natives. The fate of an English trader, Henry Stokes, caused special indignation. He was invited to be the guest of a Belgian officer, Major Lothare. When he entered the latter's tent, he was made prisoner, given a mockery of a trial, and hanged at dawn by his pretended host, who performed the office with his own hands. The British Government made a protest. Lothare was court-martialed, acquitted, and promoted to higher rank.

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As early as 1896, the English Aborigines-Protection Society protested against the horrors in the Congo. The same year the diary of E. I. Glave, one of Stanley's early companions, was published. This book vividly describes the revolting system of torture practised there. Young Morel, then just entering upon the scene, read all this evidence. More than that, he picked up much additional information during the frequent business trips that he made for his firm to Antwerp and Brussels. As a consequence he early conceived a deep distrust for the Congo Government. Nevertheless Lord Curzon, at that time a British Under-Secretary of State, had but recently defended the Congo Government in the House of Commons, when it was attacked for its cruelties by Sir Charles Dilke. This caused Morel to examine carefully the trade statistics of the Congo Free State, in order to verify the facts.

Honest commerce usually means an exchange of goods where exports and imports nearly balance each other. If trade statistics show that no such exchange occurred, that there were heavy exports from Africa and almost no imports into Africa, then Africa was not being paid for what it exported, and the natives were clearly being robbed. The trade statistics told a terrible tale in this respect. Under normal conditions undeveloped colonies almost invariably import more than they export on account of the capital brought in in the form of machinery and other goods, for the purpose of developing them. But precisely the reverse was true in the Congo. The reason was that the natives had been robbed of their land and practically enslaved. Morel discovered further that such shipments as were made to the Congo, in return for the vast wealth already received from that country, consisted principally of military rifles and ammunition. So the chief compensation Africa received for its wealth was weapons to enslave its people.

More than this, an examination of the trade statistics showed that they were deliberately falsified. A far larger quantity of produce was shipped out of Africa than the figures showed. Morel was able to prove this by the records of the local rubber and ivory taken on at Congo ports by the steamers of the firm where he was employed. The Government of the Congo Free State and the companies licensed by that Government had made vastly greater profits than they permitted the public to know. Their shares, which had a par value of twenty pounds sterling, were selling in the market for one thousand pounds. Their actually invested capital was bringing them a return ranging from 300 per cent to 800 per cent a year. All the corporations operating in the Congo had representatives of Leopold and his court on their boards of managers. That monarch owned half of the shares of the great *Société Anversoise* (the Antwerp Corporation). He appointed its president, and his personal adjutant was one of the directors.

Morel discovered further that the natives of the Congo Free State possessed no rights whatsoever. Leopold was an absolute monarch in that country. No tsar, no Roman emperor, no Oriental despot ever possessed such unlimited power. The Congo and its twenty million natives were the personal property of a single man. And that man had been given his authority originally in order that he might 'protect the native races!'

At first Morel tried persuasion. He induced the head of his firm to intercede with Leopold in favor of reforms. In vain. When he saw that nothing could be attained in this manner, he

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started his campaign against the Congo atrocities. Lest this might prejudice his employers, he resigned from their service, to their great regret, and devoted himself solely to writing.

Morel's next step was to protest against the attempt of Belgian capitalists to extend Leopold's system to the French Congo, which had hitherto been managed in a model way. British merchants, who previously had traded amicably with the natives, were prevented from doing so by force; their goods were seized upon the public highways; their warehouses were broken into and plundered; their agents were flogged. British subjects were driven out of the country. This enabled Morel to persuade the British Chamber of Commerce to address a memorial to Lord Lansdowne, then Foreign Minister of Great Britain, protesting against the violation of the fundamental articles of the Berlin Treaty of 1885, which guaranteed complete freedom of commerce for all nations in the Congo Valley, and forbade granting monopolies. At the same time he personally published a series of brilliant and convincing articles, exposing beyond refutation Leopold's misgovernment. He suggested as a remedy that Leopold be deprived of his despotic authority, since he was the person ultimately responsible for the Congo atrocities, and that this region be placed under the control of the Belgian Parliament.

The indubitable accuracy of the facts he cited, the unemotional and convincing way in which he presented them, the very restraint with which he made his demands and suggestions, won for him overwhelming public support, in spite of the sums which Leopold lavished upon the venal press of every nation to discredit him. When the abuses in the Congo country were debated in the House of Commons, on the twentieth of May, 1903, a resolution proposed by Morel was unanimously adopted, calling upon the Government to take up with the other Powers the enforcement of the Berlin Treaty, by authority of which the Congo Free State existed.

In February 1904, Sir Roger Casement, the Irish patriot, who was at that time British Consul in the Congo Free State, published a report confirming all the atrocity charges hitherto made. Lord Lansdowne transmitted this to the other Powers, accompanied by the vigorous comments of Lord Cromer, who had visited the posts established by the Congo Free State along the Upper Nile. The British Government contemptuously rejected certain proposals that Leopold made, in his effort to suppress the truth.

At the same time an attempt was being made to arouse America on the subject of the virtual enslavement of the Congo natives. As early as 1903, Morel addressed a pamphlet entitled 'The Congo Slave State' to the American Government. The United States was the first country to recognize the 'Association for Exploring and Civilizing Africa' as an independent Government, and therefore was peculiarly responsible for tolerating the atrocities committed under the jurisdiction of that Government. This pamphlet led to a controversy between Leopold and Morel in the *New York Herald*. Leopold granted a representative of that journal an interview, and Morel replied.

In August 1904, Morel visited America in order to bring the matter personally before the people of the United States. Leopold immediately organized a counter campaign. He sent to America a whole staff of liars furnished with abundant funds. They were to shrink from no measure to prevent the American Senate from adopting reso-

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lutions prejudicial to Leopold's interests and privileges. The Belgian King's trump card, however, was to make several American millionaires his partners. J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were to be granted an exclusive privilege, running for ninety-nine years, to collect rubber, according to Leopold's system, from a territory about two and one half billion acres in extent.

Negotiations had already begun. But Morel's appearance promptly wrecked that project. The English reformer received yeoman assistance from Mark Twain, who wrote a bloody satire upon Leopold's African régime. The Belgian monarch's agents soon discovered that their lies and their personal attacks upon Morel would get them nowhere in America. On February 27, 1905, the Senate at Washington unanimously adopted a resolution recommending and endorsing any measures the President of the United States might take, in coöperation with the other signatories of the Berlin Treaty of 1885, to better the condition of the natives in the Congo.

Leopold published a manifesto in June 1906, from which I quote the following: —

> The Congo has been and can be only a personal enterprise. No right is more lawful and honorable than the right of the founder of an enterprise to possess that enterprise, to enjoy the fruits of his labor. . . . My rights to the Congo are unquestionable. They are the product of my labor and my investments. . . . Any proposal to lessen my rights by transferring the administration of the Congo Free State to the Belgian Parliament constitutes an usurpation, to employ the mildest possible term.

By thus claiming the Congo Free State as his personal creation, Leopold assumed direct responsibility for the atrocities existing there. His attempt to block reforms by asserting his personal property right to that territory aroused such a storm of indignation in Great Britain, that the Government was forced to take more energetic measures than hitherto in favor of the natives. Sir Edward Grey, who had succeeded Lansdowne as Foreign Minister in December 1905, saw that Morel's proposal for Belgium to annex the Congo Free State would involve more than certain specific reforms, in fact, would mean a complete change in the existing system of government. But he was by no means ready to follow out this reasoning to its logical conclusion.

Belgium's annexation of the Congo might merely perpetuate Leopold's system under a new management. Therefore Morel's 'Congo Reform Association' petitioned Parliament to demand that when such annexation occurred it should be expressly subject to all the provisions of the Berlin Treaty. That proposal received universal support. The newspapers, the Non-Conformists, the Anglican Bishops, and many municipal corporations, adopted resolutions in its favor. But Sir Edward Grey could not be induced to submit this demand to the Belgian Government. He evaded the question by saying that he must first learn what Belgium proposed.

The Belgian Government showed its hand on the third of December, 1907, declaring that it intended to continue Leopold's system. Thereupon public indignation in England knew no bounds. There was such a universal uprising of opinion that Lord Grey himself admitted, on the sixteenth of February, 1908, that no question of public policy within thirty years had agitated the British people so violently as the Congo problem, and that Belgium must accept the conditions and obligations laid down in the Berlin

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Treaty, before her annexation of the Congo could be approved.

However, special consideration for Belgium prevented Lord Grey from following up this declaration. He contented himself with refusing to recognize the annexation — something that mattered comparatively little to the Belgian Government. Thereupon Morel's Congo Reform Association renewed its activities, and compelled Lord Grey to demand from the Belgian Government, on the eighth of November, 1908, immediate reforms in the methods of dealing with the natives.

No diplomatic dispatch was ever welcomed by the British people with more enthusiasm. But in order to ensure its success, it was necessary that other Governments, party to the treaty, particularly France, should support it. Morel visited the Continent in behalf of that. He endeavored to enlighten people abroad with respect to England's motives, which were represented by Leopold's hireling writers as inspired by commercial envy. Spies followed him every step of his journey. In Brussels he was warned by friends that an attempt would be made to assassinate him, and at the request of the British Embassy, he refrained from speaking there in public. However, his success in France and Switzerland was complete.

In the autumn of 1909, his book, *Great Britain and the Congo*, appeared. Conan Doyle, who wrote the introduction, said that it was the most terrible indictment ever brought against a man and a system. It was also a bitter criticism of the paralyzing compromises, apathy, and moral spinelessness of diplomacy. If Morel had known in 1909 that Grey, Asquith, and Haldane, without the knowledge of the London Cabinet, had had an understanding with the Belgian Government since the beginning of 1905, for British military coöperation in that country in case of a war between France and Germany, he might have understood better Grey's lack of vigor.

Immediately after the publication of Morel's *Great Britain and the Congo*, a programme of reforms was published by the Belgian Government. After July 1910, forced labor was to cease in one half of Belgian Congo, and the natives were to have their ancient rights restored. The old system was to continue in another region until July 1911, in a third region until July 1912, and in a fourth region for an indefinite period. Grey raised no objection, and the Belgian Parliament adopted the imperfect law, in spite of the opposition of the Liberals and Socialists.

Although this reform was but partial, it indicated progress and spurred the friends of the Congo natives in Great Britain to renewed efforts. A gigantic demonstration was held in Albert Hall, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury presided. That dignitary said in his opening address: 'England and tens of thousands outside of England are grateful to Morel, beyond their power to express, for his years of self-sacrificing labor in behalf of righteousness and justice.'

On the seventeenth of December, 1909, Leopold of Belgium, the origin and cause of all these abuses and atrocities, and the greatest scoundrel who ever occupied a throne, died, leaving behind him one of the largest private fortunes in the world. King Albert, whom everyone regarded with respect, succeeded him. So the world was disposed to wait and see what the new king would do. The British Government, with the Congo Reform Association constantly on the alert, still refused to recognize the annexation of the Congo Free State by Belgium.

Morel utilized this interval of wait-

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ing to visit for the first time the country and the people to defending whose rights and liberties he had devoted his life. The natives gave him a touching welcome. An address presented to him by a Mohammedan chief contains the following sentences: —

> Your labors, sir, are unique. You have fought against men of your own race for strangers who live thousands of miles away from you. You have done this at the peril of losing the friendship and the regard of your own brothers. Judged by the laws of man, this is unnatural. Therefore we conclude that you must be judged by the laws of God. We number you among the few whom He has selected to bring about His will, and to extend His glory among the nations of the earth.

Morel likewise received recognition at home. A meeting was held in his honor, at which Lord Cromer presided and Morel's supporters from all parts of the world gathered. Among the latter were many eminent members of both Houses of Parliament, bishops, statesmen, and writers. The Bishop of Westminster, who was prevented by illness from being present, wrote: 'I believe that Morel has performed the deeds of a hero, with the spirit and courage of a hero. He has overcome obstacles that make heroic deeds more difficult, perhaps, in our complicated modern age, than ever before in the history of the world.' Then, pursuing the same vein of thought that the Mohammedan chief in Central Africa expressed, he continued: 'I am not ashamed to believe, and openly to profess the belief, that Divine Providence raised up this man for us in a great moral crisis.'

So Morel's victory seemed complete. One after another the great reforms he had demanded were achieved. Leopold's system was abolished by King Albert, his successor. The atrocities ceased. Concessioners disappeared or were reduced to innocuous impotence. The rubber tax and all the other illegal levies previously extorted from the natives were abolished. Thereupon Great Britain recognized the annexation of the Congo by Belgium. On the sixteenth of July, 1915, the Congo Reform Association held its last meeting to do honor to its founder. It had accomplished its object and disbanded.

Morel was exactly forty years old when he had thus become a national hero to whom all England looked with pride. But, like a modern Hercules, he did not rest from his labors. As soon as one task was done, he girded himself for another and even greater one.

Without hesitation he sacrificed the glory and admiration and affection he had won, in order to combat the intrigues and tolerated evil tendencies that were leading England into a great war, a war that he foresaw would imperil the civilization of the world.

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THE HONOR OF CHIAO LUAN

[*This story is taken from the* Ching Koo Chi Kuan, *a collection of tales of various descriptions made in the late dynasty.*]

THE two daughters of Captain Wang had long been recognized as among the most beautiful and the most accomplished girls in the city of Nan-yang. Chiao Luan, who was older than her sister Chiao Fung by two years, was deeply read in the classics, wrote beautiful poetry, and was withal so attractive and elegant in her manners that young gentlemen everywhere in the neighborhood came to ask for her hand. But her parents, knowing her worth, were extremely careful in choosing a life-partner for her; and so, although already eighteen years old, she was not yet betrothed.

She herself began to realize that she should no longer remain single, especially as her sister was already happily engaged, and she was given to frequent complaints, which for hours together she would pour into the ears of her aunt and chaperon, Mrs. Tsao.

One day, as she was diverting herself in the garden with her aunt and a waiting maid, she saw a fine-looking young gentleman who evidently had been intently watching her for some time through a gap in the garden wall. He was in graceful and becoming scholar's clothing; and when Chiao Luan glanced at him, he called out, 'Well done, well done!' Chiao Luan had been playing the game of the swing; and when she saw the young man was paying so much attention to her, she ran to her aunt, her face blushing with the modesty of maidenhood.

They hurried back to the women's apartment, with the maid following closely behind them. The student felt somewhat uneasy, but he did not hesitate to climb the wall and saunter in the garden for a while, as if enjoying the delightful fragrance that the sweet young lady had left behind.

While he meditated upon her beauty and fascination, he spied something on the grass — a little silk handkerchief, exquisitely embroidered in artistic designs. He snatched it up as if it were the most valuable thing on earth; but as he was departing with it, he heard someone coming out from the house, and, standing at a distance, he saw the maid going round and round the spot which her pretty mistress had left, trying to recover the handkerchief.

To spare her pains, the young scholar went up to her and said, 'Pretty miss, pray what does it avail you to look for the handkerchief when it is already in the possession of another?'

The maid, seeing that it was a young scholar who was addressing her, replied with great deference, 'A thousand blessings on you, sir. I suppose my young master has picked up the handkerchief. If so, I shall be extremely grateful if you will return it to me.' The young man asked, however, to whom it belonged. The maid replied, 'To my young lady.' 'Well, then,' continued the young man, 'if it belongs to your young lady, I don't suppose I can let anybody have it except herself. I wish that she would come out herself and ask for it.'

The maid found herself in a somewhat embarrassing situation and, not knowing what more to say, confusedly asked who the young gentleman was and where he lived. 'My family name is Chow,' said the student, 'and my own name is Ting-chang. I am a native of Soochow. For generations my family has taken delight in scholarly pursuits,

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and my father is a professor. Between our house and your mansion there is no more than a wall.'

The maid interrupted him and said, 'I ask your most generous pardon, sir, for not knowing you as a neighbor. I shall carry out your wish and tell my lady that she is to beg the handkerchief of you herself.'

She turned toward the house, but the young man detained her. He boldly asked for the young lady's name, and did not forget to ask for the name of the maid herself. She replied that the young lady was Chiao Luan and that she herself, the lady's bosom attendant, was Ming-hua. Ting-chang's heart so fluttered with joy and enthusiasm that he imposed yet another task upon the maid. 'I have composed a few verses which I should like very much to be taken to the young lady. Please be good enough to do me this favor, and I will immediately return to you the handkerchief.'

Ming-hua hesitated, but being anxious to secure the handkerchief, she thought it best to consent. The student, wild with joy, seated himself on the garden stool and began to write the poetry. In a few minutes he was through, and, folding the paper into an artistic form, he handed it to the maid. But when she asked for the handkerchief the young man smiled and replied: 'The handkerchief is beyond all price and I would not for all the world part with it unless you hand the poetry to the young lady and bring back a reply from her.' The maid, having already gone thus far, did not think it wise to refuse him.

In the meantime Chiao Luan was all alone in her chamber, pondering over her unusual experience. She knew the man to be young and handsome and she said to herself, 'Nowhere have I seen a finer-looking man, tall, and so refined and cultivated. If I could only be married to him, I should not have lived in vain.'

As she was deeply engaged in these happy thoughts, the maid came rushing in. 'Have you found the handkerchief?' the lady immediately asked. 'A young gentleman has possession of the handkerchief,' said the maid. 'He lives in the western court. He is Mr. Chow and is the same man who stood at the gap of the garden wall, crying, "Well done, well done!" ' She drew out a beautiful silver box in which she had laid the poetry.

Chiao Luan appeared embarrassed, but it was perfectly plain that her heart was filled with great joy. Instead of tearing the poetry to pieces and expressing resentment at the young man's liberties, which the maid thought she might possibly do, she sat down to write a reply. She took a piece of the most exquisite paper, and in a few minutes the poetry was written with classic elegance. She bade the maid deliver it into the hands of the young man.

When the maid had obeyed, she asked for the return of the handkerchief; but Chiao Luan's reply had made the young man's heart palpitate with unutterable joy, and he replied to Ming-hua, 'Tarry a while, pretty miss, the lady's note needs a rejoinder.' Retiring to a shady bower near by, he wrote another little poem.

'But do you mean to return the handkerchief to me? I shan't do another thing unless you fulfill your promise first.' The young man then drew out a gold pin and said, 'This is only a trifling token of my respect for you, and be good enough to pay my compliments to your lady.' Ming-hua was so attracted by the sight of the beautiful pin that she yielded to the temptation. And so from that time on, back and forth, so much poetry was written that the two young persons felt themselves

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to be drawn irresistibly closer and closer together.

At length Aunt Tsao came to know the relations between them; and it chanced that one day, when she stepped into the chamber, Chiao Luan was just engaged in reading the young scholar's most passionate verses. She tried to conceal the poetry, but the aunt said reprovingly, 'Chiao Luan, we can't have these secret communications going on. It 's no good trying to evade me. But now, knowing the young man to be an accomplished scholar whose social standing is as high as your own, I should suggest that some arrangement be made between the two families. What do you think of this? ' The lady nodded timidly.

Next morning Chow Ting-chang despatched one of his friends to ask Captain Wang whether he was disposed to give him favorable consideration. Although a military man, the Captain had profound respect for the scholarly attainments of the young man; but he depended so much upon the accomplishments of his daughter for the discharge of his official duties that he was reluctant to think of losing her. With regret he replied that Chiao Luan was still to remain as she was. The feelings of the young lady were deeply hurt; but young Chow in the meantime hit upon a splendid device.

'Why,' he said to himself, 'my friend Chung-kung's marriage with Miss Tsu was the result of their having a relationship as brother and sister. Mrs. Wang bears the same family name as my mother's, and I don't see why I should not be able to persuade her to be my adopted aunt. I should then have the unparalleled advantage of being considered a relative of the Wang family.'

And so he boldly informed his father that the place where he was staying was no longer suitable for the pursuit of his studies, and that he desired to make use of the garden of the adjoining court. The old father was given to complying with his son's wishes, for he was an only child. He approached Captain Wang on the subject, and the Captain willingly consented to receive young Chow in his home.

Now young Chow wished to go still further, and so he said to his father, 'I feel very grateful to Captain Wang for his kindness, but since our families do not have any intimate relations, I hesitate to cause the Captain any trouble for my sake. I should say that the best thing to do would be to have Mrs. Wang become my adopted aunt, and things can be very much facilitated, of course, if we live together as aunt and nephew.'

Captain Wang, under ordinary circumstances, would probably have refused to go to such length with a neighbor's boy; but, knowing his distinguished scholarship, he thought that here was another helping hand for the compilation of the numerous official reports which he was obliged to make at regular intervals to the government authorities. So, without any hesitation, he consented and fixed a date when the usual ceremonies should be observed for the recognition of young Chow as an adopted nephew. A modest banquet was held, at which the members of both families were present, and needless to say, the young man and Chiao Luan derived more than the usual kind of pleasure from the feast.

The library was put in order, and everything was prepared for the adopted nephew to pursue his studies. The Captain, however, was keen enough to see that all communications between the outer apartment where the library was and the inner apartment must be entirely cut off, and from that time on, no lady of the house was allowed to pass to the outer apartment. For what-

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ever he wanted Chow could only appeal to the male servants. So that, to all intents and purposes, his position with regard to the lady whom he had in his heart was not a whit better than it was before.

Now Chiao Luan could no longer bear the situation, either. Her tender feelings had been intensely aroused. The love she bore for the young and handsome Chow had increased with the glances that she had exchanged with him at the banquet table, and it was intolerable to think that now, when he was so near her, she should be cruelly barred from him. Her grief knew no bounds, and she speedily fell sick. She began to have a burning fever and nobody could afford her any relief, not even the most distinguished physicians in the province. Young Chow kept constantly making inquiries as to how she was faring, but he was never allowed to step into her apartment.

So the resourceful Chow bethought him of another device. He made it known that many years ago, before he was interested in his present pursuits, he had dabbled in the medical art, which he had acquired to such an extraordinary degree that he could easily tell the nature and cause of any ailment by the simple process of feeling the pulse. The people brought the news to Captain Wang, who, having as he did a great confidence in the ability of the young man, asked him to be brought in. And so he was accompanied to Chiao Luan's bedside. He felt her pulse, and with a confidential air reported to her parents that it was the easiest thing in the world to cure the young lady.

'My fair cousin's ailment,' he said, 'is due to a little mental suffocation, for which her being rigidly confined in her room is perhaps in a large measure responsible. All you need do is allow her to stroll about where she can take a little exercise and enjoy some fresh air. This is all that is necessary. I don't think medicine will do her any good.'

Now Captain Wang was mightily impressed by the sound advice of the young man, for it coincided with his own ideas; and he ordered the garden set aside for his daughter. Young Chow was delighted with the success of his schemes; but he courteously approached the Captain and told him that, inasmuch as his presence would probably be inconvenient to Chiao Luan, he wished to be given permission to return home.

To this the Captain replied, 'Oh, no, I would not for all the world dismiss you like that. Besides, you two are now brother and sister, and do you think that there is any ground of suspicion against you?' But to make things perfectly safe, the Captain asked the watchful aunt to take care of his daughter, and to her he also handed all the keys. Ming-hua, the faithful maid, was asked to be in waiting and was especially instructed not to leave the young lady under any circumstances. Having taken all these precautionary measures, the old man was perfectly satisfied.

Chiao Luan now had all she wished, and she knew well enough that the people who were asked to attend her were those in whom she had the most implicit confidence. She saw young Chow very frequently from now on, and it was not long before he was allowed to walk with her, sit with her, and even have her join him in a cup of tea once in a while. They finally went so far as to defy all the conventional rules which regulated the relations between young persons of the opposite sexes. They clasped each other's hands, and in whatever they did there were innocent tokens of a sincere and intense love.

One day, when no one was present,

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young Chow seized the opportunity to urge his suit. Above everything else, he wanted to visit her apartments.

'I cannot allow any freedom,' said Chiao Luan. 'It is because the young man has great talents and the fair one beauty that we love each other with so much intensity. But I have known you long, and I can readily forgive you. I have great confidence in you, and in the presence of the Almighty God you must swear with me as man and wife, for as such we are to live together till our heads are covered with hair as white as snow.'

No sooner had she finished this earnest declamation than the aunt came in, and both the young man and the young lady entreated her to bring them together in a sacred union. She consented; but she asked them first of all to write out four copies of the marriage contract. One they were to burn before Heaven so that the gods might know of their sacred relation; another they were to leave with the person who was going to marry them, as a witness of their real love; and the others they were to keep for themselves. And that very day they were married.

In the meanwhile, Chow's father had been rendering such distinguished services to the Government that an Imperial decree was issued whereby he was promoted to the magistracy of a great city in Szechuan. Chow was to accompany his father, but although half a year had passed, he was still so ardently in love with Chiao Luan that he found it impossible to tear himself away from her. He made the excuse, therefore, that inasmuch as his studies had not yet been completed, he found it difficult to leave.

One day, after the lapse of another half-a-year, young Chow read in the *Peking Gazette* that his father had been taken seriously ill, and he began to think of going home. But he loved his wife so passionately that he could not bear to think of leaving her. His sorrows were perfectly visible on his face, and it did not take long for Chiao Luan to discover their cause. One day she said to him: 'The love between you and me as husband and wife is as deep as the bottomless sea, but Heaven itself cannot be compared with the affection that binds a son to his father. Much as we desire to be together, I cannot allow you to neglect performing the duties which you owe to your parents as a son. You must not, on any account, depart from the principles of filial piety, for if you do, you will not only be an unworthy son, but you will also place me in a most embarrassing situation.'

So they had their parting, one of the most pathetic and touching of human life. Both wrote a great deal of poetry, charged with the delicate sentiments of love's happiness and sorrow. Captain Wang held a great banquet in Chow's honor, and he went away with tears in his eyes.

But what is love in an unstable heart? Who knew that young Chow could so easily forget even the very existence of Chiao Luan as soon as he arrived in Szechuan? His father recovered, and Chow began to lavish his affections on another lady, Miss Wei, as though he had never before sworn to be devoted to poor Chiao Luan!

It was purely out of self-sacrifice that Chiao Luan entreated her lover to leave her, but it was no wonder that she should be troubled with anxiety as soon as he was gone. Day and night she looked cheerless and forlorn, and eagerly she waited for news to reach her. A whole year passed, and not a word from her lover! Growing desperate, she took the opportunity one day of sending a few words to him through a messenger who came from the city where Chow was living with

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his new love — hundreds of miles away. But the letter was gone seven months, and still there was no reply.

In the beginning of the following year, a merchant arrived who was reputed to know all the people in the neighborhood of the city in far-off Szechuan. His name was Mr. Chang, and he willingly consented to carry whatever the unfortunate girl had to send. When he was in the city, he chanced to meet young Chow on a bridge. Chow recognized at once that it was a messenger from one whom he had forsaken; and stepping into a wayside tavern, he received the letter, and immediately wrote a reply. By way of excuse, he said that his father was still seriously ill, and that all his time was employed in staying by his bedside. He hoped, however, that as soon as he had discharged his duties, he would be able to return to her.

When the unfortunate young lady read these words, she cried out with great joy and relief because he still had her in his heart, and because, although there was no specific time for his return, there was at least a hope; but months rolled on, until finally, even with an innocent heart and sincere devotion, she could no longer deceive herself about his having forsaken her. Her fortitude gave way. Aunt Tsao assured her that she had the written oath handed to her by young Chow himself. 'Above us is Heaven,' she said. 'Do you think that, alone among mankind, young Chow is not afraid of death?'

Days passed by, and still there was no news. A special messenger from her sister Chiao Fung brought the joyful tidings that she had borne a man-child. But the news only agonized the unfortunate girl, and she gave herself up all the more to the contemplation of her unhappy lot and the cruelties of disappointed love. It was clear that Chow would not return. Her Aunt Tsao suggested that another husband be sought for the afflicted girl, but Chiao Luan replied, 'A human being without good faith is a beast. I would rather that young Chow deceived me than that I should deceive the all-powerful gods.'

One day news was brought in by one of the servants which confirmed everything. He had gone out of pure love for Chiao Luan to find out precisely what young Chow had been doing. When he met Chow, he became so furious that he asked for immediate explanation of his lack of devotion.

Chow evaded him, and delivered a verbal answer through a boy, who said to the servant, 'My master has been married to Miss Wei for some time, and he entreats you to deliver to your lady this handkerchief which originally belonged to her, and also a sheet of paper which is a marriage contract, so that she may no longer think of him. My master desires very much to have you dine with him, but he is afraid that the presence of his father will prove annoying, and so he sends you this silver as your traveling expenses.'

On his arrival home, the servant delivered the message to Ming-hua, as well as the handkerchief and the contract. Chiao Luan's worst fears were then confirmed, and she was so overwhelmed with grief that for three days and three nights she was in tears. Her mental balance was upset, and she would frequently take out the handkerchief, wrap it round her delicate fingers, and recall the once happy moments to which the handkerchief itself had contributed not a little. And now her strength began to desert her. Thoughts of suicide began to trouble her mind; but she still had the boldness to say to herself, 'I am not without beauty. I am virtuous. If I were thus to pass away silently and obscurely into oblivion, I should be really conferring a great favor on my heartless lover.'

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But from that time on, she would not suffer anybody to go near her. She confined herself to her room, and poured out the most tragic strains. Her verses numbered thousands. One night, after her usual lamentations, she took out her handkerchief once again, the cause of all her past happiness and her present woes, and, tying a knot round her throat, she gave herself up to its mercy.

A NEW CONCEPTION OF THE STATE

BY SHAW DESMOND

[*We print below a sympathetic account of the theories and labors of Rudolf Steiner, whose doctrines were described by an Italian author under the title,* 'The New Eleusis,' *in the* Living Age *of January* 14. *The author is a well-known Irish novelist.*]

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(CHRISTIAN LIBERAL MONTHLY)

DR. RUDOLF STEINER is 'a prophet of the future.' Entirely original, he has nevertheless a sort of blood-brotherhood with those two other great Germans, Walter Rathenau and Maximilian Harden, both prophets of the future, and, like them, he has thrown a bombshell into the camp of Socialist and Capitalist alike. The outstanding sign of our times is this new type of man which, in all countries, stands neither in one camp nor the other, but, contemptuous of phrases and labels, holding its feet to solid earth, yet has its eyes fixed upon horizons not of the earth.

For that is Rudolf Steiner. This child of Austro-German peasant stock, born sixty years ago at Kraljevec, on the Styrian-Hungarian border, who in his evolution has passed through three distinct stages, all interlinked and, as he claims, each following logically from the other, the stages of philosophic monism, mysticism, and applied sociology, has always kept his feet on solid earth. Mystic — he has only supreme contempt for what he calls the '*dilettanti* mysticism' which seeks to graft from the dead centuries methods entirely unsuited to the twentieth century, just as he despises the intellectual gymnastics of to-day's material science. Rudolf Steiner is essentially a child of the time.

His teaching he calls Spiritual Science, or Anthroposophy — man-wisdom. A theosophist, he dislikes the words 'theosophy' and 'theosophist,' as tending to confuse his teaching with that, say, of the Theosophical Society and of its leader, Mrs. Annie Besant, the gifted woman with whom he quarrelled so bitterly, though impersonally, in the past, upon her introduction of certain mystical concepts and persons.

All this he has housed in what is probably the most extraordinary modern building in Europe — the Goetheanum, named after Goethe, his inspirer, at Dornach, near Basel, just over the Swiss frontier. In this building, even during the war, the most gifted Europeans of both sexes and of many na-

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tions, including English and Germans, Dutch and Scandinavians, met for instruction in Spiritual Science, for the exchange of ideas, and, above all, for criticism, upon which Dr. Steiner lays such stress. The building itself is both monumental and phenomenal, entirely designed by Dr. Steiner, who is both architect and sculptor. All through the war, facing almost insurmountable difficulties, the construction went on of what is regarded as a *spiritual centre* from which shall flow influences to challenge and overcome that egotistic materialism which is the characteristic of our day and generation.

Steiner represents what is possibly to-day one of the greatest individual influences in Europe. His personality is overwhelming, though of quite a different type from that divine impersonality of the Christ upon whose revelation to mankind his middle and later stages have based themselves. But the man himself is curiously modest, despite his powerful, rugged features and strong mouth like a gash in the lower face. At first sight, to an Irish Celt like the writer, he gives simply an impression of this overwhelming personality rather than of spirituality.

But it is strangely difficult for any non-German to judge the faces of men like Steiner, Rathenau, or Harden, as difficult as for the Occidental to judge that of Oriental leaders of thought like Gandhi, the former of whom often give a superficial impression of brutality, the latter of decadence.

This is the man who, in 1919, had almost come to believe that Germany, inchoate and in piteous seeking for leadership, lay to his hands to be formed. At Stuttgart, Munich, and so forth, masses of workingmen attended his meetings in tens of thousands to listen to his message of the 'Threefold State,' which will be dealt with later — and then left him! The Social Democratic leaders, learning of this twentieth-century efflorescence of the Gospel, cried, 'Fie, for shame!' gathered the sheep whom they lead under the Marxian crook, and herded them back to the arid wastes of 'the materialist conception of history' and the Class War.

Yet, even now, there are in South Germany numbers of manufacturers and workmen who are uniting to translate into concrete reality Steiner's idea of the 'three-branch State,' thus paralleling that movement in Japan, where it is said that employers and workmen are meeting in prayer in order to settle questions of wages and hours! At Stuttgart, in October 1921, some 1600 men and women of every nation under heaven attended a ten-days' congress of Dr. Steiner's movement. I well remember the congress of 'the Red International' at Stuttgart, of 1907, to which I was a delegate. Now there has been held in the same place the new or 'White International'!

A world economic conference, entirely independent of all parties and governments, to attempt to find a solution for the terrible economic problems of the time in which we live, is to be held in the spring or early summer of 1922 at the Goetheanum. Men and women from every country in the world will be present. That is a sign of the times.

If I were asked to put Rudolf Steiner's philosophy of life and living into a sentence, I would say that it stands for the separation of *intellect* from *soul* in the realm of *action*, though not in the realm of *thought*. The Capitalist in theory believes in the soul, strictly segregates it during business hours, but yet unconsciously subscribes to the essential unity of soul and intellect in the workaday world — that is, he tacitly assumes that Big Business is ethically and spiritually 'right.' The Socialist, often non-believing as to soul, and re-

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garding the modern business system as of the Devil, still so far agrees with the Capitalist conception in that he asserts that ethics — his spiritual substitute — and the intellectual process should form part of each other in the every-day life, everybody taking his share in both processes. The Anthroposophist — unpleasant word! — on the other hand believes deeply that the solution of our present social troubles will only come by the strict segregation of the *spiritual* or soul-process, the *political* or equitable (that is, the proper adjustment of human rights, involving both the ethical and the intellectual) process, and the *economic* process; but all this segregation upon the plane of action alone. In concept and being a practical idealist, he knows that all these things are inter-penetrant, and that the priest, the politician, and the workman — to take an example of each type — are but three facets of one whole.

All of which is but to say that Rudolf Steiner directly challenges centralized government and with it State Socialism; that with both the Guild Socialist and the Soviet Advocate, with whom otherwise he has little in common, he forms part of that new and irresistible current which is setting in to one day sweep away the soothing syrup of centralized machine-government, upon which Democracy has doped itself; and that he believes so much that time is the essence of the contract, that if steps be not at once taken to reform society upon the 'three-branch' lines, nothing can save it from collapse upon itself and the burial of civilization under the ruins.

Rudolf Steiner has written a book, *The Threefold State*, to show how this can be brought about, and how strictly it is in accordance with the whole evolution of society. Let it be said here and now that anybody reading this book might be forgiven for believing that he had got into a private metaphysical madhouse, for the Doctor, or his translators, have through two hundred pages done his or their best to obscure his meaning, and have almost entirely succeeded. But when one has broken one's way through the mass of words, words, words, there does evolve, however faintly, the nucleus of a great idea. It is the German verboseness, combined with its unholy delight in involved scientific terms and its impulse of the brute-mathematic to put humanity into Chinese boxes. But the Idea is there, a diamond hidden in a dark cave.

And this 'Idea' has behind it again the fundamental idea of the supremacy of the individual in all that makes for progress, the belief that the modern competitive system is bankrupt, and, finally, that this system will have at once to be replaced by one in which equilibrium is held between competition and coöperation. I don't believe that Society will evolve as Dr. Steiner thinks it *must*. (He constantly uses the words 'must,' 'shall,' 'should' in a book whose wearisome iteration is extraordinary and the gist of which could have been compressed into half-a-dozen pages.) I don't think that his triple-concept of Society is justified by all the facts. I don't believe that he, great man though he be, has the faintest idea as to how the British workman, for example, thinks, or does n't think. But I do believe that, within the mass of wordy obfuscation with which he has wrapped it about, there does lie the germ of an idea which one day may revolutionize the social world.

The fact is that Rudolf Steiner is so big a man, so great and original a thinker, that his method of expression does not do him justice. One instinctively feels that behind the words and tortuous expression there lies not madness, but method.

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Let us set out, with diffidence, having regard to the above, the method by which 'The Threefold Commonwealth' is to become accomplished fact.

It is essential to be clear at the outset that by the threefold division Steiner does *not* mean that the future state is to be divided into classes or castes of priests and teachers, statesmen and warriors, engine drivers and manual laborers, or into that '*Nähr-Wehr und Lehrstand*' or 'three Estates' of the Plough, the Sword, and the Book. It is the body social itself that is to be regrouped, not the individuals composing it. To-day, divorced as the human being is, under the present competitive system for profit, from the spiritual and ethical, if, for example, he be a workman, or, if he be a statesman steeped in a false diplomacy, separated also from both the one and the other, under the 'Threefold Commonwealth' he will be able to find himself as a human being having his roots in each of the three domains of the body social as mentioned above. 'Threefold will be the social organization which, external to the individual,' says Steiner, 'will form the groundwork of his life; and each individual will in himself unite its three parts.'

The Class War has got to go, says Steiner, and *will* go under the Threefold State. The present wage-system has got to go, says Steiner. Private property in its present form has got to go. All these things make men enemies, he says, and they alone are responsible for 'labor unrest,' and so forth, simply because they are working directly against that threefold division of life into which nature and social evolution eternally divide themselves. Yet society has to keep the individual impulse, from which all progress comes, intact. It has also to combine with it that cooperation which is the gift of Democracy to the world. How to do it?

The anthroposophist first recognizes that all 'labor unrest,' as all democratic impulse, is but man's unconscious striving after human consciousness and recognition of his dignity as a human being, for it is man's subjective, not objective, mind which determines his life. The Socialist, blindly groping for this, and, like most men, unconscious of the real impulses driving him from underneath, has developed what he calls 'class consciousness.' He thinks, poor fellow, that when he has hit upon this he has really hit upon a fundamental soul-force. He has really only hit upon 'the idea of an idea.' And the proof?

The proof lies in the fact, to-day patent, that 'class conscious' Socialism has never acquired any real constructive force and that, in whatever degree applied, it has shown a tendency to break down. The gifted Hebrew, Marx, who evolved the doctrine in *Das Kapital*, erred so gravely that he ascribed to science the power of determining values and establishing goals. He left out 'love,' upon which men like Rudolf Steiner lay such emphasis as the supreme agent.

Again, how to bring the workman into intimate contact with 'love' and the greater inspirational forces?

First, by those engaged in the economic life confining themselves to the things which concern that life, which itself is primarily concerned with the production and exchange of commodities and the development of institutions best calculated to carry this out most effectively.

Secondly, by the formation, quite apart from the body-economic, of 'the independent political or equity State,' the business of which shall be to administer and secure human rights and equity as between all members of the community, including those of the body-economic.

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Thirdly, by giving the fullest, freest play to 'the personal abilities of the individual' inspirer, whether he be teacher, priest, or great business organizer — this 'independent spiritual State' including, in the Steiner view, the most varying inspirational types, whether 'religious' or lay.

In its founder's opinion, this strict separation of economics, politics, and individual inspiration, or, as it might be put, of 'Body, Mind, and Spirit,' which, each functioning independently, yet form the human entity, will allow 'every man to mind his own business' and by keeping them apart secure three things. These three things are: the highest mechanical efficiency for the production and exchange of commodities on the economic plane; the more or less perfect holding of the scales of justice and equity upon the political plane; and, with these, securing to the whole community the fullest inspiration and benefit from the centre of all human activities — the individual human being himself. And now for the machinery by which this is to be accomplished.

The economic State will encourage the formation of guilds or associations, the activities of which will be purely economic and industrial, and which, because they will have no axes to grind, owing to the domain of equity or human justice being taken out of their hands by the independent political State, will be able to concentrate exclusively upon 'ways and means for the benefit of the whole community.' The State political will likewise be able neutrally and fairly to concentrate upon questions of pure equity as between man and man and the amount of individual reward for work done for the community. The State spiritual (inspirational), freed from problems and temptations of gain and greed, will be able to pour new ideas into the community for the common weal, whether those ideas be concerned with the loftiest philosophic speculations or frank business organization.

It will be seen how close Steiner, unlike most mystics, keeps close to earth, without letting himself become 'earth-bound.' It is the keynote of his teaching.

The anthroposophic concept of the principle of Private Property is fascinating, if highly contentious. Capital is no longer to be available to any man strong enough or brutal enough or intelligent enough to scramble for it. In the Threefold State, any man will have the right to apply to the political or 'Equity-State,' as Steiner calls it, for the use of capital, but he must prove that he is the best man for the job. If he gets what he applies for, he will only be allowed to use it exactly as long as in the opinion of the judges he is using it for the benefit of the community, for, as Steiner claims: 'It is not the *free use* of capital that *of itself in the beginning* does the mischief in society; but merely the *continuance* of this right of use, after those conditions have ceased to exist which made its connection with particular human abilities desirable.'

Also, such property or capital, after a certain period has elapsed after the death of the man 'running' it, together with any profits he may have made, shall revert to the community — it is very like the modern Death Duties. But a highly debatable point is involved in Steiner's contention that property acquired through savings, together with the interest on it, shall be left by the earner of the property to any heir he likes to name, as at present, but always providing such heir is himself a producer. However, here again there is a time limit beyond all which such property reverts to the community.

'So, instead of *communal ownership* of the means of production, as understood by the Socialist system, there will be within the body social a contin-

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ual *circulation* of the means of production, ever bringing them afresh within reach of persons whose individual abilities will employ them in the manner most advantageous to the community.'

These would seem to be the main lines of the Threefold State or Commonwealth, which marks Dr. Steiner's third and latest stage of evolution, although one is bound to add that frankly Dr. Steiner, despite his affection for Mother Earth, often allows himself to float into the perilous, rarified atmosphere of assumption, all of which he would strenuously and even injuriously deny, for he is a terrible fighter, neither asking nor giving quarter. In other words, he is altogether a delightfully human man.

In his now famous Goetheanum, with its exquisite columns and façades, Dr. Rudolf Steiner is by his message bringing heaven to earth, rather than earth to heaven, although that he sometimes attempts the latter is shown by a list of private lectures which he has been giving or is to give, and which I have been favored by seeing. Among his subjects are: 'Egyptian Myths,' 'Cosmic Miracles (Legends of Greece),' 'On Initiation,' 'The Mysteries of the East and those of Christianity,' 'Christ, Human and Divine,' and 'Christ at Golgotha and in the Twentieth Century.' There are also some forty or fifty others, embracing almost every department of human knowledge.

The insistence upon Christ is due to the extraordinary emphasis laid by Dr. Rudolf Steiner upon the significance to the world of Golgotha, which, of course, he interprets in quite other fashion than do the churches. To him, Golgotha, although he himself is in no sense a 'Christian' in the sectarian or dogmatic concept of the term, is one of the great turning-points of human evolution.

But at Dornach every conceivable branch of human knowledge is covered, taught by specialists of the highest grade, but all of them giving their message with the principles of Spiritual Science behind. In September 1920, over thirty lecturers, men and women of eminence in their several subjects, contributed. These subjects included history and physical science, biology and medicine, mathematics, art, sociology, and the theory and practice of education. To write, however sketchily, of Dr. Steiner's concept of art and medicine would alone take more space than the present article; but the great building itself, filled with modern strength as it is, with its pillars and architraves in their metamorphosis and progression expressing the elemental driving-forces underneath modern existence, the mighty colored windows carved of glass, and, above all, the exquisite but powerful contours of the concrete substructure, with a revelation of the possibilities of modern building material which is in itself unique — all this acts as a worthy setting for the lifework of the man who is so quickly making history in Central Europe.

What Steiner has to say of history is illuminating. What history will have to say of Steiner and his message may be still more illuminating.

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THE SONNET

BY JAMES LAVER

[*London Mercury*]

THESE are my rooms, come in and take a pew;
Perhaps the nearest window-seat 's the best.
The whiskey 's on the sideboard — help yourself.
The cigarettes are in the metal box,
Sham silver, on the mantelpiece, between
The bronze skull and the wooden crucifix
I picked up in a church at Amiens.
If I continued writing, would you mind?
There is a sonnet I have set myself
To finish before twelve o'clock to-night.
Religious — yes — you know the sort of thing,
Beginning — let me see — how shall I start?
How best express the zephyr of faint faith
That breathed into my ear, to-night in Hall
Just as they brought the same cheese-savory
They often serve — '*Lord, when our eyes are dim,*
'*Lord, when our eyes are dim with fruitless prayer*' —
No, no, it smacks of Tennyson too much —
'*Lord, when our eyes are dim and cannot see*
The dream, the vision' — '*vision*' 's better there.
Can't you suggest a phrase to fill the line?
Oh, splendid — '*and the pilgrimage is long*' —
That 's A and B, now B and A to come —
'*And our faint feeling with continued wrong*
Is roughened' — come, we 're getting on apace —
'*Is roughened and we are no longer free.*'
That 's four lines of the octave; stop a bit.

A sonnet 's only fourteen lines, you know;
We must n't launch out in a paragraph
Of introduction, without any end,
Or middle even, for it to introduce.
So now the fifth line, let it come to grips
With subject, though I've not decided yet
What that shall be exactly; let me think.
'*When we have failed in what we sought to be,*
Strayed from the path we should have walked along' —
That line 's a bit prosaic, don't you think?
But let it stand, it rhymes and that at least
Is something; still the metaphors *are* mixed,
I grant you that — we 're slaves, and cannot see,

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Our feeling 's roughened, we have failed and strayed,
Are on a pilgrimage — well, never mind,
We 'll put all inconsistencies to rights
And root out all the *clichés* when we 've done.
The first thing is to find a rhyme to '*wrong*.'
Oh, '*song*,' I've got it now — '*the sensual song* —
And for the spiritual writ the sensual song.'
And now there must be no more wheres and ifs;
We have to finish with some turn of phrase
That spells a half-completeness, as it were,
And leaves us free to draw the moral tight
In the philosophic sextet, close at hand;
Some kind of invocation — ah, it comes —
'*Shall we not turn, strong Son of God, to thee?*'

It 's curious how one writes this kind of thing,
Coolly, and almost as a cynic might,
Here, on a desk, with fountain pen and lamp!
You know what Wordsworth said all poetry was —
Emotion, feeling, yes, but passed away
And recollected in tranquillity.
And so I claim this octave I have made
Is faith remembered still in disbelief,
And therefore doubly faith; you smile, no doubt,
But what is faith to half the human race
But simply that? — Besides, when faith is *here*,
Here in my heart, think you I turn away
To write my pettifogging little rhymes
In hope of praise or pennies? I were mad
To spill one drop of life's most precious wine
In talking of it. Change the metaphor.

When I am borne upon a sea of sound
That rolls from some huge organ, when I thrill
With all the heart-breaks of a violin
Held in a Master's fingers, do I then
Turn round and babble to my neighbor there,
Try and describe my poor emotions, when
The music tells all there is need to say,
And far more splendidly than I could do?
But here, in cabinet, when evening comes
And blurs the outlines of a sunlit view
Of the bright world, and sunset colors fade,
And the soul turns home to look into itself,
Then I perceive, like shells upon the shore,
Left by the wave that bore and lifted me
In its embraces, little turns of phrase,
Snatches of verse, that somehow to the ear
Seem to give back the thunder of the sea
As sea-shells do, but infinitely far

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And wonderfully faint as in a dream.
And these I gather with a careful hand
(I think you must at least allow me that),
And, with a certain fantasy of touch,
Arrange in patterns on a barren shore,
Till the next tide shall wash them all away.

But come, let's get to business, six lines more —
What an infernal clatter below stairs!
Why can't that scoundrel stop his gramophone?
How *can* I write and hear dance-music played?
The question in the last line might run on
Into the sextet '*Shall we not*' — do what?
'*Shall we not kneel before Thy bitter Cross?*'
No, that involves a worn-out rhyme to match,
Like loss — '*Oh, barren gain and bitter loss.*'
That will not do — '*Shall we not come to Thee,*
Shall we not come for healing to Thy side,
And touch our lips to the pure living stream
Held in Thy chalice?' — what comes after that?
Some kind of prayer, to round the poem off,
Some kind of finish — '*Teach us then to pray.*'
Then there 's '*Thy side*' that 's waiting for its rhyme.
'*Died*' is too common — '*sigh'd, Guide,*' which is best?
'*More fully, and by sorrow glorified,*
Be visited by Angels in a dream' —

And do, well, what — to sum the whole thing up
In ten short syllables of magic worth?
This supreme test is where my failure comes.
To hell with 'Sand Dunes,' 'Vamp' — and Edison!
Your pardon, I am getting rather wild
Pursuing this elusive final line.
I seem to see a picture from a book,
A *Pilgrim's Progress* of my early days
Showing the pilgrim kneeling at the Cross
With 'angels hovering round' as in the hymn.
And then, unburdened, what did Christian do?
He felt new strength and rose — I have it now,
'*And feel new strength, and rise and go our way.*'
That last line's feeble, as I must admit,
As you 'd admit, too, but for courtesy,
But still I can't do any more to-night.
Such as it was, the inspiration 's gone
Completely, yet a load is off my mind.
Expression, even incomplete, is good,
Even of a glow that one has ceased to feel.
I must rewrite the whole thing carefully
Some other evening — Have you got a match?

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CLAUD LOVAT FRASER. ENGLISH ART'S UNTIMELY LOSS

BY HALDANE MACFALL

[Form *is a new monthly magazine of literature, art, and science, published in London under the editorship of A. O. Spare and W. H. Davies, 'the tramp poet.' Mr. Davies is well known in America, both for the exquisite simplicity of his artless verses and for his book of reminiscences,* The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp. *He owes his early success in poetry at least partly to the friendly interest of Bernard Shaw, who sent copies of his poems to numerous critics, 'wondering whether they would recognize a poet when they met one.' An article on Mr. Davies appeared in the* Living Age *for December 24.*

Form *is one of the most beautiful magazines printed in England. It is illustrated with lithographs, color prints, and woodcuts; and when, as frequently happens, it publishes music, the typography is quite as beautiful as in any of its articles.*]

From *Form, January*
(English Artistic, Literary, and Musical Monthly)

He was christened Claud Lovat Fraser; but to us all he was Lovat — and I think his name and fame will endure as Lovat. The big, handsome young fellow came upon London town a very dandy, shedding about him a genial atmosphere of witty kindliness, happy to be alive, and full of affection for all living things. Never was artist born more innocent of the 'cattishness' of the art-world; if he did not care for the art of another he would like the man or his dog or his fantastic shadow — he had to like something about everybody. The only thing indeed that ever puzzled him was that anybody should bear him a spite. By consequence he tramped straight into one's affection like a happy child. And children, with their consummate instinct, went to the big, burly dandy, won by his infectious chuckle, to find him a storehouse of pirates and desert islands and buccaneers and fairy fantasies — and, what was more, he must have known and seen them all, for he could draw them with a few deft rhythmic sweeps of a reed pen.

Poets were soon his intimates, for by the time that the down was on his lip he had as astounding a grip on literature as on art; and his speech, like his pen, uttered the well-shaped phrase, pointed with genial wit and illumined with quaint raillery. He disguised his pen under the name of Honeywood; and — scourged him in his drawings as 'an unmitigated, damned scribbler.'

Lovat could not have been more than nineteen the day he stepped into Dan Rider's little den in St. Martin's Court, where the young literary bloods, here and from America, were wont to forgather before the war — the 'lions' den,' where the young lions roared and the asses brayed on their way to becoming editors of limited editions or the like wondrous Emprise, the while Dan Rider's laugh, where he sat enthroned at the seat of custom, — I never saw him sell a book, — rattled the windows of St. Martin's Lane and the parts lying adjacent thereto. We found the young dandy a seat on another pile of books, the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and such like masterpieces as many buy and few read; and he straightway became one of us.

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He was at that time on his way from his beloved school, Charterhouse, supposed to be studying the law in his father's office in a picturesque old city-square, on his journey to Oxford; but Oxford and the Law were not to be enriched by his gracious personality, for art leaped hot within him, and his deft, handsome fingers were more busy upon sketching the picturesque square outside his father's office and the folk that hurried past the courtyard in the turgid stream of the city's streets, than in taking the edge off his logic upon the fine points of legal decisions. The loss was Oxford's and the Law's; his fine scholarship was to reveal itself in far other fields, yet nearly all who met him thought him of Oxford. He was of the finest type of the culture of his great literary and artistic school of Charterhouse — as he was one of its most fascinating ornaments.

Lovat must have served his apprenticeship to art under the encouragement of the masters at Charterhouse, for when he tumbled into Dan Rider's he was already done with the hesitancies and the tentative searchings of the apprentice for the means of artistic utterance. His line was still a trifle hard, but it held rhythm, even though his drawings were faulty. He was soon using the broad black line of the reed pen, and it rapidly gave him a large style and a broad statement. His masters were the prints of old Crawhall, of Rowlandson and James Pryde and Gordon Craig and Nicholson. It is true that a little while thereafter, when he threw up the law, or such dandified pretense of the law as he suffered, and boldly launched upon an art career, he went awhile to the Slade, — everybody was going to the Slade, — but, except for an excellent grounding in etching and aquatint, the Slade could give him little. He was already set; and Lovat was not of the stuff that learns from schooling.

Born with a sense of sumptuous color, he was early handling water-colors with rare skill. He inherited artistic utterance from this mother, a remarkably skillful painter. And his only weakness, of draughtsmanship, his prodigious industry was early bound to master.

A sensitive man, the young fellow was to be spared the suffering of working in Grub Street at the hack saw. His devoted father and mother lived a second youth in Lovat, pouring out with lavish hands every aid to his achievement. He was happy in his home, in his friends, in his marriage, in his early success, and in his fascinating little daughter 'Dorcles,' made in his very image.

Of all the brilliant little group of writers and artists who were wont to take possession of my flat of a Thursday evening — the early doomed Gaudier, Enid Bagnold, since come to repute with her verse, and the rest — Lovat was the life and soul. His fine reed-pen decorations for my volume, *The Splendid Wayfaring*, made during 1912, were, I fancy, about his earliest published work of any importance; and soon thereafter he started upon his broadsides and kindred ventures of *Flying Fame* (1913) with the poet Ralph Hodgson and others, and decorated Sir Herbert Tree's *Thoughts and Afterthoughts*, which I was editing in 1913.

But it was soon abundantly clear that Lovat's art lay in a far larger field — he needed a larger canvas, such as only the theatre could give him. And it was in its bringing him into the friendship of Tree and Gordon Craig, both of whom became devoted to him, that there was opened to him the way to his greater achievement. Indeed it was for my Eastern play of *The Three Students*, which Tree had been very enthusiastic about producing, that Lovat made his

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first designs for scenery and costumes and lighting — though unfortunately Tree was persuaded out of producing the Eastern atmosphere by his business advisers and so lost the vogue and vast profit that Oscar Asche reaped in his stead. It was to Gordon Craig, however, that Lovat was to owe his supreme artistic debt; as he was also to become Craig's most able and gifted disciple.

Lovat designed and carried out at this time a number of very fine toys that would have helped to put the British toy-trade at the head of Europe. He was an indifferent illustrator, but an exquisite decorator of books; and *Pirates* (1913) reveals his fine qualities and his limitations. But it was in the theatre that he was to 'find himself,' and on its vast canvas discover his genius. Everything about him was dainty and decorative — his post cards, his letter paper and envelopes, the trade tracts he wrought with such delightful charm; he was all for getting sordidness and vulgarity swept out of life.

Such was Lovat at twenty-four when the German launched his Great War into the glorious summer's ending of 1914 and the Hunnish hosts set forth with guttural song and goose-step to reach to dominion over the world. The romantic essence of Lovat left his action in no doubt for five minutes. He flung down brush and pen and made all our lives a purgatory to get him a commission. Irked by a few days' delay, he enlisted in a cadet corps, from which he got his commission in the Durham Light Infantry.

So it came about that one night my wife and I walked the great London railway station, swarming with men in khaki in the small hours, and saw him off to rejoin his regiment on embarkation for the front. But once in Flanders and secure of service, in his billet and in his dugout, to the thunder of the great guns before Ypres, he found that he had packed in his haversack his box of water-colors; and with pen and brush, by guttering candlelight, he was soon as busy as ever on sketches in his letters home.

He went into the hell of it all with the romantic spirit and happy quest for adventure of a big schoolboy on a holiday frolic. He loved the men, and they must have loved him. . . . He sent me in camp a piece out of the tunic of the first Boche prisoner he took in a raid that brought him considerable good report from his brigade-commander; and when I accused him in that on getting his Boche he emptied his cigarette case into his lap, he pleaded guilty and wondered who told me! — Lovat could not abide to see any man humiliated. . . .

But the strain and exposure and Ypres and Loos were too much even for his blithe spirit; and he went down before it all. The young giant's strength was from without; he was a fragile vessel within. Sent home a sick man, he fretted to be at his art all the weary months until the war was done. But it was astounding how much fine work he wrought in the evenings of those invalid days when he was on a Staff job at home from early morning to candlelight. It was at this time that Lovat met and married, February 1917, his gifted young American wife, Grace Crawford, who was to be his eager and sympathetic partner in his artistic career from thenceforth.

It is interesting to note that the compulsion of the fine steel pen in his drawings for his home letters in the trenches developed in Lovat as remarkable skill with the fine line as he had acquired with the broad line of the reed pen; it also compelled accuracy of drawing. When the end came, he was at work on a series of very beautiful large water-colors of characters from the great dramas, and in these he employed this

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fine line with rich color washes in consummate fashion.

His first designs for my Eastern play, *The Three Students*, fired Lovat with the color of the East, and the coming of the Russian Ballet increased his enthusiasm. He saw at once that Craig alone had revealed the only way to the new world by the color-lighting which rid the theatre of the crude realism that slew the soul of the impression desired. He had long been making designs for the *Beggars' Opera* and other earlier plays; and the production of the *Beggars' Opera* began in his studio years before he met a sympathetic manager. Nigel Playfair brought him into his kingdom, and Karsavina extended the realm of which Gordon Craig had handed him the sceptre.

Lovat was pouring out superb work for the theatre, when, a-holiday-making from his restless and prolific workmanship, death, out of the willful decision of Fate, stepped across the gracious young fellow's wayfaring and cut the thread of his blithe career. How far Lovat would have gone we shall never know; he was but at the beginning of the utterance of his genius. We only know that in him was lost an exquisite influence in our great national achievement.

He sleeps in the adored Hertfordshire which colors nearly all his landscapes, in the God's acre of that Buntingford that he loved so well; sleeps alone, under the summer moons, one who lavished on his fellows so warm and generous an affection, and with his constant and steadfast chivalry won all hearts.

THE COOK OF MAITRE JUSTIN

BY ANDRÉ LAMANDÉ

From *L'Écho de Paris, March 20*
(CLERICAL DAILY)

WHEN Justin Pastoureau des Combelles, owner of the Combelles estate, learned that his unsurpassable cook, Zélie, was thinking of marrying the farmer's boy at Mazareilh, he flew into a violent temper. When he recovered his accustomed aplomb, he was sadly perplexed, and fell to thinking of the superb soups and the marrowy stuffings, redolent of shallot and garlic, which his domestic concocted with an art that no other could equal. As he dwelt upon these memories, the heart of the master of Combelles grew tender, and he was overwhelmed at the thought of the debt of gratitude he owed to his cook. He summoned Zélie.

A pretty, sun-browned girl, with her sleeves rolled up over her sturdy arms, burst out of the kitchen and came clattering along in her peasant's clogs. 'Do you want me for something very important, Maître Justin? I may spoil it if you keep me away too long.'

'Spoil what, Zélie?'

'The truffle stuffing for the capon that was killed this morning.'

'*Ma fille*,' said Monsieur Justin des

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Combelles, 'I am sadly afraid that truffle stuffings are not the only things interesting you nowadays, and that your nose turns a good deal oftener toward Mazareilh than toward your cookstove. People are talking. It seems that young Jeantou — oh, yes, I know his intentions are of the most honorable, but what does it amount to? Marriage is a mistake, *ma fille*. Where could you be happier than you are here, in your nice, clean kitchen, making those delicious cabbage soups of yours and the stuffings — especially the stuffings — with which you succeed so well! Come, come, I'll add an extra crown a month to your wages, and — don't think any more of this nonsense.'

But Zélie shook her head stubbornly. 'Foolishness or not, Maître Justin, I want to get married. There's nothing wrong in that, is there?'

Justin promised her two crowns more a week, then three. He tried first to reason with her, then to coax her, and finally to order her about; but, stubborn as a Quercy-Noir mule, she stuck to her point; and when he stormed about cookery and loyalty and even money, she stormed back at him about marriage. The quarrel lasted for a fortnight, and Zélie fell more in love with Jeantou all the time, until at length, having exhausted his reasoning powers, seeing that the game was lost, — and dreaming of the rich and fragrant stuffings, seasoned with parsley, that he was never more to eat, — Justin des Combelles sank into a profound melancholy.

Finally, finding himself caught between the dog and the wolf, he said to Zélie one evening, 'You're a perfect little mule, *ma fille*, but at last I've found a way to master you.'

'You'll never keep me from getting married, Maître Justin. You'll never keep me from getting married; and what's more, what's more —'

'Be still, Zélie, be still! You women are as much all tongue as a fox is all tail. Just listen to me. You insist on having a husband, don't you? Very well. All right. So be it. But choose a better one than Jeantou, my girl, choose a better one. I know the man for you.'

'It's Jeantou I want, and nobody else.'

'Jeantou has n't a single centime or a bit of land. The man I'm proposing is rich — good gold crowns, vineyards on the hillsides, truffle-beds, and a hundred walnut trees, or more!'

'Who's that, Maître Justin?' hastily demanded Zélie, grown suddenly suspicious.

'I'm the man, Zélie, *I'm* the man!'

The eyes of the sun-browned peasant-girl grew round with astonishment. Then she looked at her master. Justin Pastoureau des Combelles was still straight and youthful, for all his five-and-forty years. She was thinking — heaven only knows what. Then, in a low voice: 'But — what about Jeantou?'

'Ah, bah! He'll console himself and you'll forget all about it. He's only a farmer, a penniless fellow, while I —'

He shook the money in his pocket till it rattled; and Zélie, evidently affected, asked, 'Do you really mean it, Maître Justin?'

'*Dame!*' said he. 'Perhaps it's foolish, but since it's the only way to keep my cook — And after all, do you think Jeantou is the only one in the village to see that you're a nice girl with a pretty face?'

And, since he knew that pretty girls are not averse to pleasant little flatteries, he went up to Zélie and tapped her on the cheek. 'How pretty you are, my dear! What a perfect wife you'll make! Ah, I shall be very jealous of you.'

So they were married a few months

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afterward, and Zélie, bursting with pride in her new position, bustled about, working like four cooks together, to make delicacies for her husband. Justin des Combelles rubbed his hands with glee.

'This marriage is the best stroke of business I ever did in my life,' he said to himself. I'm a good many years late, it's true; but better late than never, and I still have a long time to live.'

But one Sunday when she came back from Mass, Zélie brought with her a big, red peasant-girl, whom she presented to her husband: 'This is Louise du Mas, of whom you've heard me speak. Her parents are letting us have her for only fifty crowns a year.' Then, in a lower tone, she added, 'She'll earn it, too. She's strong as a man.'

'All right, all right,' said Maître Justin. Keep the girl, if you want her. It will give you more time for cooking, and I've nothing to complain of in that.'

From that day on, no one ever saw Zélie at work any more in the courtyard or the stables or the field, carrying out the noonday lunch of the mowers on her head. Pretty soon she deserted the kitchen, though you could always find her busy gossiping with the neighbors and bargaining with the village storekeeper. At first Justin Pastoureau closed his eyes to what was going on, but at length, weary of living on a diet of half-raw ham and kidney beans cooked too hard, he made up his mind to be master in his own house.

'My dear,' said he, 'I hardly know you any more. If you want peace to reign in this house, go back to your old habits. Make me one of those huge stuffings that are such a delight to the taste and that make a man appreciate his wine. *Allons*, go get a young guinea-fowl!'

But Zélie never budged. Instead, with her hands on her hips and her head held high, she replied, 'I'm not your servant any more, I'm your wife, Maître Justin. Order your dinner from Louise. I'm going down to the village to see my dressmaker.'

'Ah, *coquine!* Ah, *ingrate!* Don't you know what I married you for?'

'To be your wife, I suppose, and not to spend the whole day stewing over a fire.'

Maître Justin thought it was a joke, because she went out laughing. That evening he went down to the kitchen, never doubting he would find Zélie deeply occupied in the preparation of the stuffed guinea-fowl. With silent stealth he slipped the door open. There, before the fire, was the servant girl, her hands still smeared with egg, stirring potatoes in brownish water for 'poor man's sauce.'

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WAGNER REMINISCENCES

BY SIEGFRIED LOEWY

From *Neue Freie Presse, February* 20
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

CERTAIN family papers of the aged Madame Antonie Schindler, whose father, Ludwig Heuser, was Wagner's colleague and close friend at the Court Theatre in Dresden, have recently been placed in my hands. Both men joined the uprising of 1849, and they fled together after its defeat. Heuser had been captain of a company of Liberty Men. A day after he left Dresden, a squad of soldiers appeared at his house, to the great alarm of his family, with orders to arrest him. He was to be sentenced and shot on the spot. His relatives spent forty-eight hours of intense anxiety before receiving word that he had escaped across the frontier, and was on his way to Zurich. There Richard Wagner was appointed director of the Opera, and secured Heuser an engagement as stage manager, and also to appear in heroic rôles. So the two friends remained together in exile. Heuser's family shortly after joined him at Zurich. At Wagner's request Heuser translated the *Nibelungenlied* from Middle High German to New High Geran. Probably this was part of Wagner's preparation for the Tetralogy.

Madame Antonie Schindler was a vivacious, intelligent, highly cultivated lady. In one of her letters she says: —

'It was my task to carry to Richard Wagner the sheets that my father translated from the original *Nibelungenlied.* Wagner would give me huge leather-bound folios — which kept growing bigger with the passing days — to carry to my father. I was a tiny little girl at the time, and still recall my awesome fear of Wagner, due mainly to the fact that he had a tremendous nose and moved about so quickly. However, he was a good-hearted, jolly man. When he saw me enter the dark room, he would take the books I was carrying and pat me on both cheeks.

'I also remember carrying letters from Wagner to my father — letters it took a long time to write. A misunderstanding occurred between them in the following matter: —

'My father had made a cut in rehearsing the famous melodramatic monologue in the last act of *Egmont.* When Wagner was studying Beethoven's accompaniment, with a view to directing the orchestra, he discovered the rehearsal cut, and flew into a passion. He gave my father an incredible tongue-lashing for what he regarded as a sacrilege. He would not tolerate the cut. My father was playing the part of Egmont, and insisted that he could not possibly learn the whole part between the rehearsal and the presentation. Such cuts were usual in almost every theatre. Wagner would not be convinced, and insisted upon having his way. When my father came home, ill-humored and irritated, and told us of this dispute with Wagner, our little family circle was stunned; we children scarcely dared to breathe. Although my father again tried to convince Wagner that the cut was desirable and necessary, he remained inflexible. So my father had to yield and commit the whole part to memory. It was some time before the anger of the two men

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cooled down. At this time Wagner was as poor as a church mouse, and had the utmost difficulty making ends meet. He did not know how to take care of himself, and lived almost like a savage. It was not until later that his friends provided him with comforts and even luxuries.'

Madame Schindler attended the first presentation of *The Flying Dutchman* in Zurich. 'The audience was beside itself with enthusiasm. Even now, though I am eighty years old, my heart beats faster when I recall that unforgettable evening. Wagner's presence consecrated it.'

Wagner's resentment at the mere thought that a sacrilegious hand should touch a score written by Beethoven confirms what we already know of his unbounded admiration and reverence for that great composer's genius.

He learned the music of *Egmont* when he was but fifteen years old, and the deep impression it produced upon him then grew stronger with his growing capacity to appreciate its beauty. He refers to this admiration in his autobiography: 'I would not for anything have launched my own tragedy, unless it could be with a similar accompaniment.'

THE WHOLE MATTER OF HAPPINESS

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

From the London *Times, March* 16
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

PEOPLE sometimes ask me what we talk about in the country, and I reply, the weather, meaning, of course, the sun. When they raise their eyebrows, as ever so slightly they always do, I inquire, as the Zoroastrian did, 'Have you ever seen it?' Without having seen it, it is impossible to understand what a profound bearing it has upon life and conversation: I don't mean mere talk, but real conversation — as when we say piously that our conversation is in Heaven, where no doubt it should be. You may love rain, as I do myself; you may love the west wind; but you don't love the sun — you worship it.

It is early morning yet, but already He is over the hill. I set my windows wide; the light pours in and floods the room; ashamed, the fire goes out. There 's no doubt about it: 'the hounds of spring are on winter's traces.' The whole valley is alive: it is like the scene on Brothers' Water. The stream doth glitter, the small birds twitter, the green field sleeps — no! there we part company with Wordsworth. The meadow across the river, though deeply green, cannot be said to sleep in the sun. It is crisscrossed all over with runnels of racing blue water. Insatiable ducks are wading in them, gobbling as they wade — gobbling *what* I have no notion, but possibly mud. 'Forty feeding like one!' — the wonder-working line holds good, at any rate. Such a scene as that, on the threshold of day, invokes happiness,

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and would invoke contentment, too, if one were n't too happy to be contented.

There 's the difference, or at least a difference, between those two. One is a state of mind, the other a non-state, an eclipse of it. A picture of content is before me at this moment, namely, an Aylesbury duck, excessively white on a green bank, its head flatling, half-hidden in its long back; one beady eye open, but entirely vacant, one red leg upholding its bulk. If that is not contentment, I don't know the state. The bird is full to the gullet, the biliary ducts are in running order, Nature the leech is at her task, and the patient is asleep.

Whereas happiness — ah, you should have seen the cock thrush which a minute ago lit upon the garden wall, his beak full of feathers, his mind of affairs. Pippins and cheese to come: that 's happiness. Here the Great Affair was in process of becoming; the heart was inditing a good matter. He was too happy to be frightened of me; just showed me what he had found, gave me a hint of what was toward, and away. 'Virgil,' says Bacon, 'did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and conquest of fears together as *concomitantia*.'

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Quique metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
> Subiecit pedibus. . . .

Queer state of the world, when happiness lay in mere security! With the cock thrush, as with me, happiness lies rather in having things to do.

Man never is, but always to be blest. That is not quite right. Man is blest when he reasonably believes that he is to be so. He is capable of high happiness if he is not only contented, but hopeful of still more to come. We live indeed from hour to hour, but more in to-morrow than to-day. So the Laureate, when he praises

> The idle life I lead,

and goes on to report that

> . . . every eve I say,
> Noting my step in bliss,
> That I have known no day
> In all my life like this,

must be called happy if he has even a moderate certainty that his 'pleasant sleep' will continue.

It is by faith, they say, that we dare put out one foot before another, or rear our bulk upright upon the two leather-shod wedges which Mr. Beerbohm has compared to glazed ox tongues. It may be true. Anyhow, it is by hope that we go happily to bed, commit ourselves to forgetfulness and the flood of dark. Hope is a thing which the sanguine only have by nature. Others must toil after it, 'as some men toil after virtue.' A virtue indeed it is. Shelley had it, and was lifted from the trough of wave after wave of adversity. Byron had it not, and tried to cover his despair in sardonic laughter. Gray never had it, either; but Gray was a stoic, not a cynic, and very tender of other men's happiness. No one has written more wisely of it than he who could not attain it.

I have been reading his Letters again lately, very nearly the best in our language, but not those of a happy man. Those, rather, of a man shrugging his shoulders at himself. His besetting trouble, he said, was 'a white Melancholy, or rather Leucocholy,' which never suffered him to attain to joy or pleasure, 'yet is a good, easy sort of a state.' Gallantly borne, with a grin. 'The only fault of it is insipidity.'

Yet nobody knew better than he what was wanting. 'The whole matter of happiness,' he said, 'is to have always something going forward.' That is what the cock thrush told me this morning; what the stirring water-meadow was saying. 'Happy they who can create a rose tree, or erect a honeysuckle, that can watch the brood of a hen, or

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see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water.' *Felix qui potuit,* indeed!

Gray knew better. There was never enough going forward in his cloistered life: Stoke to Cambridge, Cambridge to Stoke, like a rat in two cages. And yet, a little before he wrote that very letter to his friend Wharton, he had had a picture of the thing before him, roses and all — and shied at it! That I don't understand.

It was after he had allowed Horace Walpole to print and publish 'The Bard' and the rest of his sublimities of the sort, that he received an anonymous criticism, directed to 'The Reverend Mr. Gray' at Strawberry Hill, which excited him not a little. It was nine pages long, expressed with freedom, — he says that the writer was 'very frank and indeed much ruder than he meant to be,' — and concluded with a hint that if the poet wanted more of that kind of thing he could get it by writing to the Postmaster at Andover. Gray, who, like all poets, would rather be criticized with freedom than not criticized at all, promptly wrote. The result was this, in a letter to Mason: —

> I wrote to the man, as you bid me, and had a second criticism; his name — for I desired to know it — is Butler. He is, he says, of the number of those who live less contented than they ought, in an independent indolence, can just afford himself a horse for airings about Harewood Forest, half-a-score new books in the season, and good part of half an acre of garden ground for honeysuckle and roses.

What else could he want, or anybody want? Contented he may not have been; happy I must believe him. Contentment is not an essential of the higher state; you may be happier in discontent, provided that you hope to be contented 'in a minute.' But it seems to me that Butler of Andover had more of the *concomitantia* of happiness than Virgil's lucky dog. Those plainly are: that there must be something going forward; that you must be doing it yourself; that you must not have too much of it; that you must not have as much as you want of it; that you must think it the only thing worth doing. All those *desideranda* were within the grasp of Butler, and if insipidity had not turned them sour for poor Gray before his curiosity had got to work upon them, I don't know why he did not pursue the acquaintance; but I know that he did not. When he was at Southampton in 1764, thinking 'to see Salisbury and, to be sure, Wilton and Amesbury and Stonehenge,' he adds the peremptory sentence, 'Say not a word of Andover.' Had the happy solitary made too free? Or was he too happy for Gray's contemplation? I don't know the answer to these questions, and they don't matter much. If Gray could not help himself, Butler of Andover could not have helped him. Yet — consider how Gray must have helped Butler of Andover.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A NEW YEAR'S POEM

BY H. I. H. THE PRINCE REGENT OF JAPAN

[*Japan Magazine*]

Yo-no-kana mo
Kaku arama-hoshi
Odayaka Ni,

Asahi Nioyeru
O-umi-no-hara.

My heart's desire for the world
Is pictured in this glorious sun
Rising over a peaceful sea.

THE RETURN OF PAN

BY ALEXANDER GRAY

[*Form*]

I SOMETIMES think that God should seize
A rag, and wipe man off the earth;
For we are carriers of disease,
Corrupt and tainted from our birth.

The fairies then would trip to town,
And spread green grass whereon to dance;
And soon the traveler's-joy would crown
The tumbled roofs of Petty France.

Then every running stream would be
Like Noran pure, like Pharphar sweet.
The grebe would nest at Battersea,
And trout would gambol in the Fleet.

The Mansion House would then be gay
With toadflax in the crumbling walls;
The lissom lusty fox would play
Among the bracken round St. Paul's.

THE SINGING TREE

BY H. H.

[*Morning Post*]

TO-DAY, upon the slim brown almond tree,
With flushing boughs, the blackbird sang. His wing
Loosed the pink blossom, as in ecstasy
He fluted songs of Spring.

It seemed, so blent were color and pure sound,
The music from the tree's own heart must well,
And the soft petals drifting to the ground
Were the light notes made visible.

MOONRISE BY BARDON BROOK

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE

[*New Witness*]

Is there, I wonder, any tall, thin lad
That slips away this night across the meads
Along that little brook, and is o'er-sad —
Is there a heart to-night frets in the reeds
For a flint lass o'er-longful, or for things
More strangely lovely than cold lasses are,
One troubled by the bright uplifted wings
Of Beauty beating in each burning star?
O Moon, I know! So open your white gate
And wrap your shining shawl about his head,
And lend that one so proudly desolate
Your mother-peace till he be comforted.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SUPPOSED PORTRAITS OF SAINTS PETER AND PAUL

ANNOUNCEMENT by the well-known Italian archæologist, Professor Lanciani, that frescoes discovered in a hypogeum in the catacombs of Rome contain authentic and possibly contemporary portraits of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, has naturally been received with the deepest interest throughout the Christian world.

The hypogeum, or subterranean vault, in which the frescoes were found, has been known for several years. It came to light in the autumn of 1919, during the course of excavations for a new garage in the Viale Manzoni; and Professor Paribeni, the Director of the Diocletian Museum, together with Dr. Bendinelli, the Inspector of Excavations, was the first to make investigations.

The vault consists of a series of rooms hewn out of rock, with plaster-covered walls. The largest room, in which the supposed portraits appear, is about five yards wide, and the others are not much smaller. These chambers are joined by passages and stairs, and in the walls cells appear to have been cut at various times for purposes of burial. The largest room has a floor of black and white stone, partly destroyed, but with an inscription in the centre which appears to be the dedication of a monument.

Mr. C. J. S. Thomson, Curator of the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum in London, gives the following description of the interior in the London *Daily Mail:* —

Descending through an archway, seventeen steps give entrance into a larger and more beautiful chamber, the walls and arch-roof of which are ornately decorated with frescoes in color of the greatest interest. On each wall, on two sides of the chamber, are shelves or niches for depositing the dead, below which are cavities about three feet six inches in depth below the floor level, for the same purpose.

On the walls above, attention is at once arrested by the series of paintings of figures, twelve in number, which, there is little doubt, represent the Apostles. The figures, which are about three-quarter life-size, are all in standing position, about two feet apart, and continue halfway round the chamber.

As the eye becomes accustomed to the color, they appear to stand out and almost to take shape, so skillfully have they been painted. One is struck with the fine quality of the artistic work, which is much superior to what has hitherto been discovered of paintings in Roman times. The heads of the figures are especially well executed and have evidently been delineated by a master hand of the time. The coloring is sombre in tone, and is a combination of rich browns and terra-cotta red, a little blue and green being blended into the costumes.

The wall paintings are of widely varying styles, some clearly Christian, others possessing characteristics that seem to indicate a pagan origin. The most prominent and interesting, of course, is the large group of the twelve apostles — eleven, to be exact, for one has been destroyed. They are robed in white, with bare feet, and carry books and rolls of manuscript, while some are represented in the act of speaking. The portrait supposed to represent Saint Peter is strongly characteristic, and is executed with great power and vigor. The style is highly realistic. The expression on Saint Paul's face is milder and more benign.

The vault is supposed to have been of Christian origin, because of the numerous sacred symbols and pictures

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of sacred subjects which appear. There are three groups of the apostles, two much smaller than the group which has attracted most attention. There is also a large green cross, and the figure of the Good Shepherd appears in no less than four places. Although these seem unmistakable, still further weight is lent to the theory of Christian origin by the later discovery, in an upper chamber, of a painting that seems to represent Adam and Eve. Even Dr. Bendinelli — the first archæologist to publish reproductions of the paintings (in the official *Notizie degli Scavi* for 1920), who at that time regarded the whole structure and all its decorations as of pagan origin — has modified his views since the Adam and Eve were found.

The paintings above the apostles do not very readily admit of Christian interpretation. Although one scene might be interpreted as the Sermon on the Mount (a bearded man reading a volume on top of a hill, up which a flock of sheep and goats is climbing) and another may possibly be the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem, there are others that seem to be of classical nature — one recalling the return of Ulysses and another, Penelope and the suitors. There is also an admixture of pagan and Christian symbols, theatrical masks, festoons, and cupids; but such curiously mixed symbolism is not entirely unknown in other frescoes whose Christian origin is universally admitted.

It is by no means so generally agreed as press dispatches published in this country have seemed to indicate, that these ancient frescoes are genuine portraits of the apostles. Professor Lanciani himself, the most extreme advocate of the portrait theory, admits that they were not painted from life, but he suggests that they may possibly be based on other and earlier pictures which were drawn with the saints themselves as models; or else that oral tradition of their appearance may still have been current in Rome, where tradition affirms both of them met their death, and where both were certainly often occupied with religious activities. A brick bearing the date 137 seems to leave no doubt of the antiquity of the whole structure.

The identification of the portraits with the apostles is supported by several pieces of evidence, most important among which is the admitted fact that Saint Peter and Saint Paul were especially prominent at Rome and were especially beloved there. Besides the series of life-size figures of the apostles, there are two other similar series, executed on a smaller scale. In all three groups the same two heads appear, and in each case they occupy the place of honor, which in Rome would certainly be accorded to Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Some observers think they discern more careful workmanship in these two than in the other figures of the largest series. The newly discovered frescoes bear a strange resemblance to Saint Peter and Saint Paul as they are represented on a sarcophagus of the fourteenth century. One other very ancient portrait of the two saints exists, a small bronze medal dating from the end of the second century or the beginning of the third, now in the Vatican Museum; but no comparison of this with the frescoes has yet been published.

A correspondent of the *Spectator* wishes to regard the new portraits 'not so much as a new discovery, but as confirming the traditionary likenesses of the Apostles, which are met with in so many of the churches in Rome. So distinctive are the two types — St. Peter, robust, with square forehead and thick hair; St. Paul, thin and emaciated, with the face of a scholar — that any-

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one going from church to church in Rome has no difficulty in singling out the two from the rest of the Apostles. The two figures are in the Tribune of St. John Lateran, in the Lateran Museum, the mosaics in Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Prassede, and St. Pudenziana — to mention only a few that occur to one at the moment. All have the same general types as are seen in this latest discovery of Signor Lanciani.'

Christian history and tradition has preserved several hints as to the appearance of both apostles. Saint Paul himself remarks in the Epistle to the Corinthians that 'his bodily presence is weak and his speech of no account.' In the apocryphal gospel, the Acts of Paul, which dates from not long after 150 A.D., occurs a more detailed description of his personal appearance: 'A man small in size, bald, bow-legged, sturdy, with eyebrows meeting and slightly prominent nose, full of grace.'

British and Italian archæologists deeply learned in Christian antiquities hold divergent views as to the identity of the artists. Two distinguished authorities, Professor Paribeni, Director of the Diocletian Museum and Dr. Bendinelli, Inspector of Excavations, who were associated in the original excavation, agree with Professor Lanciani and Monsignor Wilpert, both eminent authorities, that the hypogeum belonged not to orthodox Christians but to one of the Gnostic sects. Monsignor Wilpert even ventures to identify the sect, and believes that the vault belonged to the Ophites, who regarded the serpent as a sacred emblem.

Professor Paribeni, after much hesitation, has decided to let the frescoes remain on the walls that they have adorned for so many centuries, feeling it a kind of profanation to remove them, even to the safe shelter of a museum. It is to be hoped, however, that he will eventually alter his decision, in order that the preservation of the paintings may be assured. Frescoes at Pompeii, excavated in the eighteenth century and left on their original walls exposed to the weather, have completely disappeared, while others in the Naples Museum are still in a perfect state of preservation.

✽

DOHNANYI'S NEW OPERA

A NEW opera by the famous Hungarian pianist, Dohnanyi, has been presented with great success in Budapest. When the *Tower of the Voivod*, based on an old legend which is everywhere current in the Balkans, had its première in the Royal Opera House, before an enthusiastic throng, the occasion was almost an international event, many foreign conductors and composers having come to Budapest for the production.

Dohnanyi's opera recounts the futile efforts of the builders to erect a castle, and their continual frustration by an Evil Spirit. At length, in despair, they try to buy him off, and find that the only way to avert their continual misfortune is to build into the masonry the first woman that comes in sight. The scene of the action is laid among the hills of Transylvania.

Genuine dramatic skill — all too rare in the operatic world — is displayed in the development of the story. It is lively, the plot has interest for its own sake and not merely on account of the music, and a climax is reached by continuous action. Of the music one critic says, 'It is the achievement of a musical Benvenuto Cellini. Nothing is overdone or overcharged; though there is a powerful orchestra, there is no rough effect, no hunt after success with undue means. The legitimate weapons of art only are used.'

M. Dohnanyi succeeds in attaining a high degree of individuality. His opera

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is romantic, but he adheres to no school, expressing rather his own personality than the tenets of any artistic group. He has not hesitated to draw on the folk music of Transylvania, and many melodies from the music of the people are scattered through his work; but he has in no sense confined himself to the old Szekler music. Even the stage settings carry out the predominating Magyarism of the opera, however. Dark mountains and mysterious valleys, the simple buildings of Hungary in the tenth century — these furnish the background for the music and the action.

✽

THE LONELY WATCHER OF BIRDS

On the northernmost point of the Shetland Islands, closer to the Pole than Petrograd, is a little hut where every spring a man goes to watch over the birds. Mr. H. Edwardson has occupied his lonely hut from spring to autumn for thirty-three years as a watcher for the British Society for the Protection of Birds.

The work of the society has born fruit, for the number of the birds has greatly increased since the watcher was placed there. Skuas, great Northern divers, fulmars, and golden plover are all increasing in number, while colonies of gannets are growing on the cliffs. The birds have come to recognize the watcher, and the skuas even come to the door of his hut in quest of food when he reopens it each spring.

✽

A GOLFING PUZZLE SOLVED AT LAST

Many a golfer has sought with profane wrath and in vain for a mysteriously missing ball. A writer who veils his identity behind the initials 'L. M. M.' in the London *Morning Post* now reveals the true fate of the lost golf balls: —

Across the links, intent and slow,
The heavy-footed golfers go;
They do not laugh, they do not talk;
And by their side the caddies walk.

But if, by chance, the careless things
Should dint and mar those mystic rings
Where twinkling feet and elfin grace
Choose every night their dancing-place —

Then, from the dingle where they lurk,
The vengeful goblins spring to work
And snatch and hide, with impish glee,
The ball far driven from the tee.

In vain the caddies scour the course,
By ditch and bunker, pond and gorse,
The wand'rer, lost to mortal eyes,
Safe in some nook of Elfland lies.

And that is why, when stars are bright,
With nice, new golf balls round and white,
The merry goblins may be seen,
At baby bowls on every green.

✽

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